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BLACK SHIRT BLACK SKIN

by

Boake Carter



with illustrations by

George P. Fayko, Jr.



TELEGRAPH PRESS, HARRISBURG, PA.

1935

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To
Olive Richter Carter

One of the world's few
unselfish women



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Foreword

In the autumn of 1914, a young American student was all prepared to sail to Germany for a post-graduate course in a German university. His tickets were bought. His bags were packed. His aunt, a Sunday School teacher, was pleased. She wouldn't have her nephew hanging around all summer, she thought with satisfaction—besides it would do him good.

One afternoon he walked into the house. "The trip," he announced disconsolately, "is all off," and flounced, like a disappointed boy, into a chair. The authorities, it seemed, had deemed it advisable that he shouldn't go. The war, you know! Not safe—things all in a hopeless muddle in Europe—not the best place in the world for young students—better wait a while.

His aunt exploded with indignation. "A little war in Europe," she snorted. "What's that got to do with America? Why, that's got nothing to do with us. Why," and her voice rose shrilly with patriotic ire, "nobody has even heard of this wretched little war. I can't understand it."

I have often thought back over the years that have passed since that afternoon and marveled how utterly detached and oblivious and sublimely ignorant that woman was of what was occurring in Europe then, how she knew and cared almost absolutely nothing of what went on in the Old

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World, nor whether its destinies conveyed any kind of a message to the New World. And yet she was a teacher of children!

And so at the close of almost another score of years, another war looms. One nation powerful and well-equipped, snarls at another, smaller and ill-trained. Who is there who can foretell what will mushroom from northeast Africa? Will it be just "a little war?" Will it mean something more sinister—the clash between two imperial giants, one the possessor of an empire, the other reaching out to carve one for herself? Will it spread—like the fumes of a poisonous gas and envelope the whole world in one more awful Armageddon?

These are questions no man can answer—only Time. But it does not mean that we should move through the humdrum of our immediate daily lives and contacts without keeping our eyes open, learning all we can learn, recognizing danger when danger is all too visible and move to step out of its bloody pathway—if we can.

Too few in America in 1914 realized that the shot which echoed at Sarajevo would, two and a half short years hence, send them whirling into an earthly Hell, to give up sons and daughters, to deprive them of civil liberties, to pile upon their unsuspecting shoulders an appalling national debt. It was all so far away—so why worry!

Yes, and Africa is farther away than was ancient Serbia. But we are just as vulnerable today as we were in 1914—or more so. The industry,

FOREWORD

science, and inventive genius of mankind has progressed immeasurably in the last two decades. The world is linked by the bonds of finance, economics, trade and commerce. What happens in one country, will affect another five thousand miles away. Lemons are up in price in the United States today. Why? Mussolini has laid his hand on every lemon he can get anywhere in the world. Lemons are essential for troops in the field. They keep down scurvy. Therefore, America has already been affected by the beating tom-toms of the God of War in Northeast Africa.

It is useless, therefore, to say that the Italian-Ethiopian embroglio means nothing to America—that it's too far away, or that it's another one of those European squabbles. There are potential dangers in Italy's reborn spirit of imperialism which stagger the imagination when laid bare for examination, and contemplation.

It is up to us in America to try and understand something of Ethiopia and why Italy persists in defying the world to gobble up this most ancient of all Christian kingdoms. To understand is at least fifty per cent of the battle to avoid entanglement.

To that end then, this book is written. It is hoped that it will explain some things, correct false impressions, cause serious thought and forewarn—which after all, is to forearm, is it not?

It is not meant to be a literary gem of irreproachable prose—but just a story, as one man

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may tell it to another. One might almost call it—thinking out loud!

But all thoughts are, in their turn, thought provoking. If the thoughts on the following pages do just half that, then they will have accomplished their purpose.

THE AUTHOR.

Prologue: Tapestry

The room was large. The ceiling arched high with its curves softened by magnificently carved frescoes. The walls were decorated and the colors were warm. But the bald-headed, paunchy man, seated at the desk at the far end of the room, suddenly shivered. Cold? No, it was midsummer. Perhaps it was some cloud passing over his soul. The world said he had no soul—but in his strange way, it was the fire of what went for his soul burning with the fierce white heat of fanatical zeal, that made him suddenly shiver.

Softly, a door opened. A tall, hawk-faced man, an aristocrat to his finger tips and the antithesis of the bunched up bald-headed man, walked quietly forward, with a sheaf of papers in his hand. These he laid on the desk and remained standing, silent.

The seated man seized them. Beneath the rays of a lone desk lamp he thrust them and read. His stubby fingers opened and closed. His mouth set in hard cruel lines. The pouches beneath his eyes seemed to grow puffier as the black eyes themselves, bloodshot from lack of sleep, blazed forth anew with fanatical fierceness. With a sudden jerky motion, he flung the papers down, jumped up from his chair and stomped over to the huge marble fireplace. "Damn them!" he cursed. "Damn them," and his voice suddenly rose shrilly

and the veins stood out like whipcords at the temples, as the sudden fit of fury sent the blood pumping through his veins.

The papers he flung down were condensations of reports from his underlings in Geneva, London and Paris.

"Damn them," he repeated a third time. "They will not rest until they have nailed me to the cross. They are hypocrites. They have their own colonies. They have great empires. They went out and stole what they wanted. And when I do the same—when I must do it, when I have to do it—they piously say, 'No, you will destroy the world. You must not do it.' Bah!"

Sallow face flushed with anger, the stocky little man flung away from the mantelpiece and pointed a thick forefinger at his private secretary. "And I say, to Hell with the world. It's either the world or me—and it's not going to be me. Look—" and he strode over to his desk and rapped the back of his hand on another sheaf of papers:—"these show why I must go on. It must be onward. The die is cast. There can be no backward glance. It must be onward—onward."

And he turned from his desk, crossed his hands behind his back, and with bent head, paced slowly down the room. Just then the faint echoes of a military bugle penetrated the room. It was like the thin, small voice of Fate calling. And it made him shudder again, this time against his will. It sent his mind racing back 20 years—to the horrors

of war. Yes, he'd been a soldier and he knew what it felt like to have a sliver of steel burn through the flesh. And his mind jumped the years. He, the young, fanatical newspaperman—the fighting young radical editor—he was going to make his country, the world, over anew! And he put his theories into practice. At first they had seemed beautiful. But now they were hideous. They had betrayed him. They had led him up the blind alley of absolutism and now, like an ordinary trapped animal of the jungle, he twisted and turned to escape the awful destinies of his own carving.

Those papers! Why, they burned through his mind every waking hour. They haunted him at night. They mocked him as he struggled for sleep. They told him that he had brought the credit of his country to the brink of ruin. They told him that financial levies were all that remained and he knew they could not last long. His diplomats told him that nations were already withdrawing their credits to his bankers.

His imports were still triple his exports and he could not sell enough to make money to buy what he needed. Unemployment still reared its ugly head. True, he had smashed it down temporarily, by ordering the unemployed into the army—but the army was so appallingly expensive. It was like a giant maw, with an insatiable appetite—money—money—money! My God, where was it coming from?

One regiment of conscripts had already mutinied.

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Thank God, that colonel had had enough sense to garrison them and then disarm them, before the news could spread! Still, it was an ominous sign. His fanaticism had been tinged with bitter realities, of equally bitter experience. He had found at last that he could NOT make over anew the world single-handed.

So he was faced with the soul shattering realization that his experiment was now about to destroy him. And he didn't want to be destroyed. He couldn't be destroyed. Nobody could destroy him, the world's greatest dictator, the living counterpart of the ancient conquerors of history, whose legions moved at a single command and chopped out great empires across the earth's surface. His ego still drove him on—the ego that had been the Stooze for his fanaticism.

But withal his ego—this stocky, arrogant man realized that his days of eminence—his days as one of the makers of world history were numbered, unless he could divert the attention of the mob—the sheep, he thought of them contemptuously—from the crash that loomed up before him—the crash of his pet theories and his experiment. Even guinea pigs sometimes turn and bite!

And so it was onward—to war. To conquer in a distant land. To fight for the acquisition of more land—and very Life itself. The bargain he had made with the copycat across the mountains to the north, wasn't bad. At least he would not have to weaken his army by cutting it in

TAPESTRY

half, so as to be on guard against any sudden coup d'état, he might attempt. And even the two of them together might put a crimp in these hypocritical vultures who held up pious hands and said: "No, you must not do this."

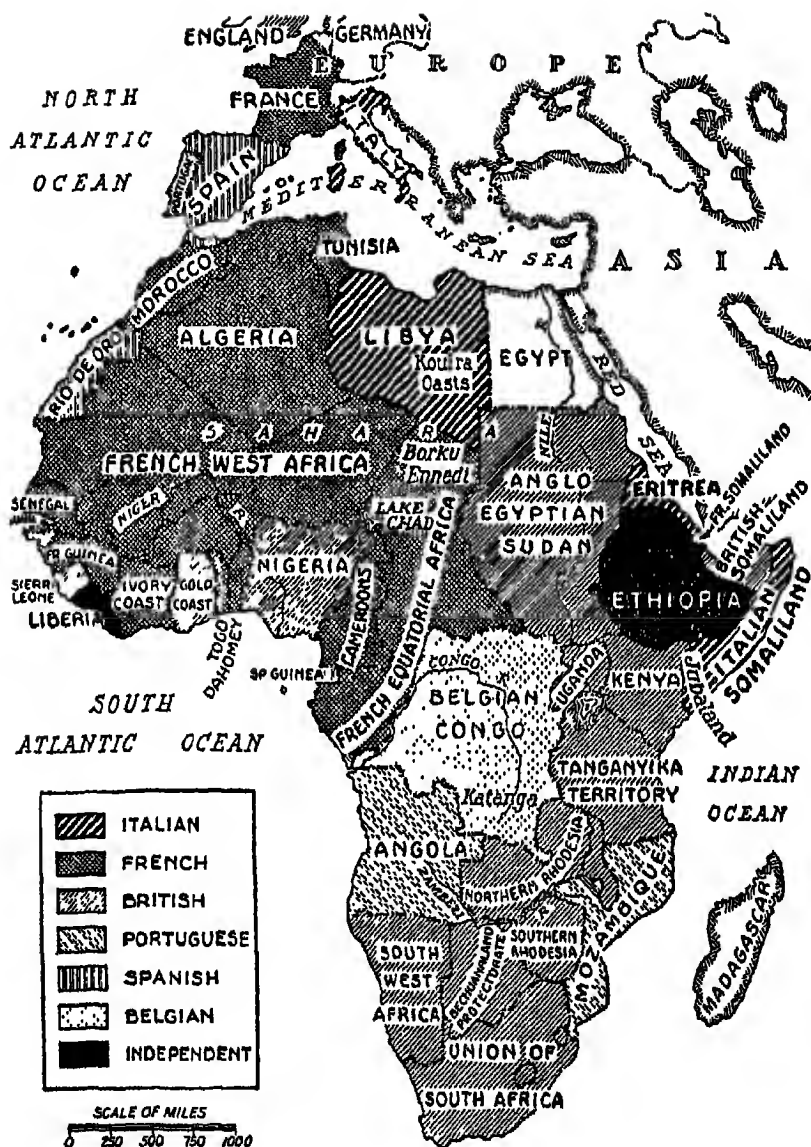
But even if they failed, there was nothing else to do. It was either this or the ignominy of admitting failure at home. No, no, it couldn't possibly be that. His ego couldn't stand it. So it was to be war. He was a gambler. It was the biggest gamble of his life. His life was the stake. His ego was the more real stake. He couldn't see that the gamble might turn the rivers of the world red with the innocent blood of the luckless pawns of the gamble. And if he did see, it made no difference.

It was I—the ego—that played to win. All else faded from the picture as inconsequential. So the die was cast. It was war or degradation!

He stopped at his desk. Seizing a pen and paper, he scribbled furiously. With a flourish he signed his name.

His black eyes glinted a dull red glow, as he handed the paper to his secretary.

It was an order mobilizing 25,000 more troops to the colors!



I

The Stage

Ethiopia!

A land of mountains, deserts, rivers and contrasts—of *mediæval kingdoms, savages, sorcerers* and slaves—a country of appalling wastes, raging floods—of beautiful highlands and an earth filled with oil, copper, silver and gold.

It lies tucked away in the northeast corner of Africa. To get into it, one passes through that famous gateway to the Orient, the Suez Canal, down the Red Sea and into the Gulf of Aden, the gulf that gradually widens until its roving waters are swallowed up by the restless, rolling swells of the mighty Indian Ocean.

The heat hits you in the face like the blast from a Pittsburgh steel furnace. Even the coastline is an ally of the heat. For it mentally stifles you to look at the dreary, desert country on both sides of the Sea.

You put in at Djibouti, the port of French Somaliland. The town is hot, the sun's rays reflect with a blinding glare from its streets, and it is uninteresting. But this is the port of entry for Ethiopia, for Ethiopia has no seaport—it has no coastline at all. And it is at Djibouti, the outside

world of Europe gets its first contact with black Africa.

The boat boys and the native coolies are Somalis of the Issa tribe. But they are not true negroes. If one were to bleach some of the best Somali tribesmen, one would produce some of the finest facial features in the world. Many of them are big men, with bodies which would delight the most exacting sculptor, and heads of magnificent proportions. These blacks originally came from Arabia, on the Aden side of the Bay.

It is possible to get into Ethiopia through the port of Massowa, in Eritrea, just north of French Somaliland. To the south lies British Somaliland and still farther south is Italian Somaliland.

On the map these places look enormous, and highly important. They are, to be sure, enormous—for the coastline is almost 2,000 miles long. But as to importance—why, virtually that whole distance is composed of sand and thorn desert or bare sun-baked mountains, running down and leveling off into a hot sea.

In all those thousands of miles, there is not one river which reaches the sea. The harbors may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The natives are savage, or semi-savage, never having been put under control by any white power. And except along the Egyptian coast, and the railroad that goes inland from Suakin to the Nile, the only feasible way to reach the interior of this tremendous region is by the ancient rickety little railroad that

starts at Djibouti and ends at Addis Ababa, the capital city of Ethiopia.

The railroad is internationally owned, and the French control it. They put it up in 1906 and ran two trains a week over the line. The service is consistent. Two trains still run per week—in peace time.

Look out of the windows and sandy wastes and scrub desert greet the eyes of every traveler. This fades away into a chaos of sharp volcanic rock. Just to the north of this railroad, is the terrible and devastating Danakil Depression. Actual records show that temperatures as high as 160° have been recorded in this awful region. This Depression takes in part of the Province of Aussa. And Aussa was that strip of land which the Emperor of Ethiopia, in a last final effort to avoid war with Italy, offered to sell to Mussolini. To be sure it does adjoin Eritrea and would bring Eritrea and Italian Somaliland a little closer together—but its fringes to the north are inhabited by the fierce, pagan warriors of the Danakil tribe, who practise barbarity among their captives of war.

And the Danakils, together with the wild animals of the region, are chiefly responsible for the fact that it takes the train three full days, sometimes as long as a week, to travel 500 miles. The tribesmen tear up the railroad every now and then and make off with strips of rail to beat into a new batch of spears. The telephone lines they snip with disgusting regularity. The gay young blades

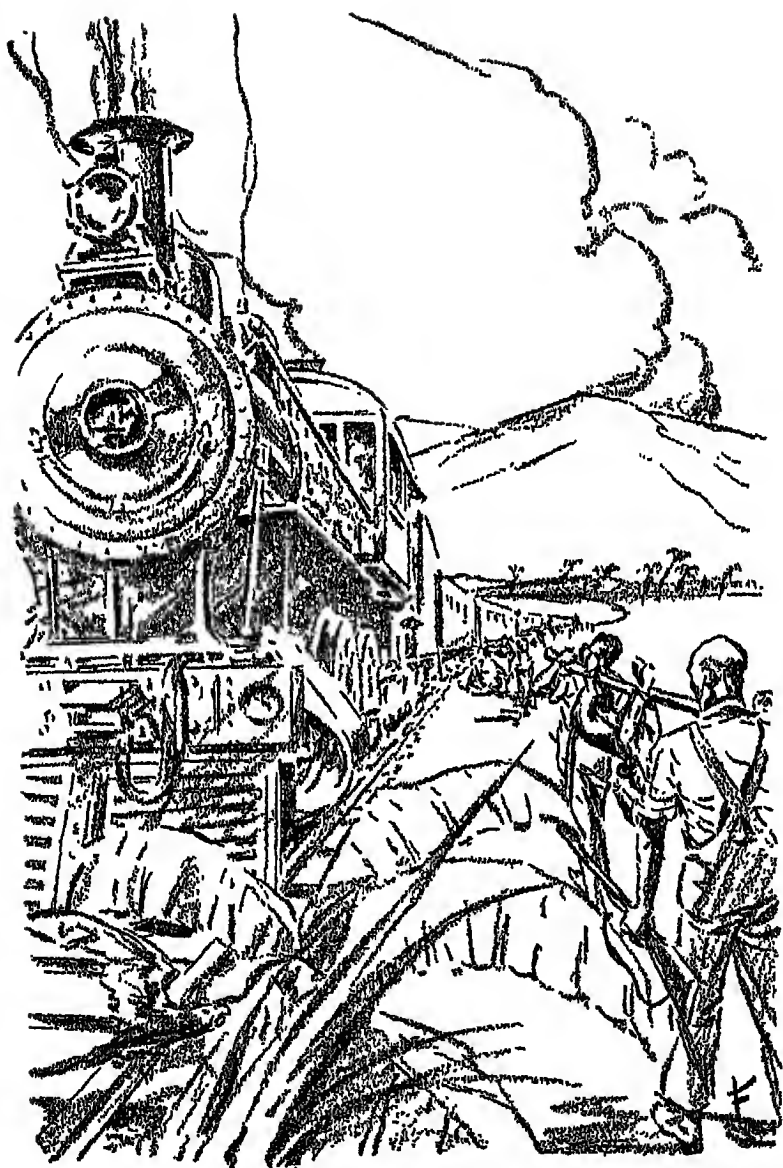
of the Danakils can give their best girls some fancy anklets or armlets fashioned from copper wire!

The animals prove too much for the train crew. Every now and then the train may jerk to a halt. Stick your head out to see what's the matter, and you'll see the train crew, making off into the tall grass, toting rifles, out to bag the lion that just disappeared behind that hillock over there! And the passengers are obliged to wait until the engineer and the conductor have finished their private big hunt before they move on the next fifty miles or so toward Addis Ababa!

It got to be so that the train crew did more hunting than railroading and so the French authorities cracked down on them. But still, if some important big-wig is traveling over the line for the first time, and indicates he wouldn't mind bagging an antelope or leopard to take home with him, even now the train crew will slam on the brakes most willingly and hold up the works—and plunge into the wilderness alongside the track.

The railroad was never wanted by the Ethiopian tribesmen. When the French and other Europeans built the line—a small army of troops had to fight off the bands of wild, fierce raiders who attempted to rip up ties and rails. To some extent, the tribesmen are now used to it, tolerate it for what they can steal from it—but they still rush south over the road bed and descend on some small village in French or Italian Somaliland.

They travel, these wild tribesmen, in large bands,



sometimes numbering as high as 2,000. They burn, pillage, destroy and commit the most appalling atrocities on the captives, mutilating men, women and children, seizing cattle and then making off back to their own lands before foreign punitive columns can catch them.

Within the last year, raiding Danakils crossed into French Somaliland, bumped into a small outpost of French troops, and wiped it out to a man, simply by sheer weight of numbers. Paris grew furious. Protests flew to Emperor Haile Selassie. And with commendable promptitude, he dispatched his own best troops, recaptured the weapons seized from the French and hanged a few of the Danakil chieftains.

But the Danakils have swooped down more often into Italian Eritrea than anywhere else. And it has been these raids which Mussolini has used for a convenient excuse to say that Selassie has no control over his subjects—that Italian nationals are being threatened and therefore Italy must take over Ethiopia and run it for the Emperor.

But after the train leaves the lowlands and plains it climbs over the rim of the mountains and onto a rolling plateau of highlands, green, verdant and fertile—framed by mountain tops, capped with snow—and divided by rivers which flow westward and empty into the Nile. It is the water from these rivers which flows from the Abyssinia highlands, down to the Egyptian Sudan and pro-

vides the irrigation for the vast expanse of cotton fields, owned and controlled by British interests in Egypt.

Addis Ababa itself covers an area as large as Philadelphia—although its population is not much more than 75,000 people. Everywhere are giant eucalyptus trees, monuments to the old Emperor Menelik II, who once ordered every native to find one tree and plant it over his mud hut.

And despite the fact that Selassie is a modernist, is European in outlook, and has tried to modernize his capital city, still to all intents and purposes, it is a rambling village, composed of tin-roofed, wooden houses, mud-and-thatch huts, unhealthy slave quarters. Only around the foreign quarter and about the Royal Palace can the hand of modern man be seen.

In Addis Ababa, the Emperor keeps his lions. Now he has 50 of them. For the lion is the symbol of Ethiopia, even as the lion is the symbol of Great Britain. But though the British stamp the head of their King on seals, official documents and postage stamps, Selassie prefers the lion, rather than a picture of himself.

The city is a city of smells. Until a few years ago, it had no drainage—the new system in there now being one of the results of Selassie's travels into the outside world.

Public health is waging an uphill battle. The public baths of Addis Ababa would bring consternation to those bright custodians of America's

public morals on matters of nudism and nudists camps, if they were to suddenly bob up in Ethiopia. For in the pool, maybe at noontime, maybe in the late afternoon, half a hundred or more men and women—all as naked as the day they were born—splash about, and wash to the accompaniment of yowls and shrieks. And the nudists in the United States claim that there is never the slightest indication of self-consciousness in their back-to-nature-and-mosquitoes camps—but they ought to go to Addis Ababa to see how it's really done. That woman's a woman and man's a man, when without clothes, doesn't seem to penetrate the Ethiopian mind while bathing in the public pool.

If the European stays out after eight o'clock, then let him keep his eyes peeled for robbers. For they are plentiful. Also lepers walk about creating as much general concern as a fly.

Ethiopia is not a land of prohibition. The drinks have the dynamite of a mule's hind leg, and there is no shortage. Drunks are common sights. Selassie doesn't like it. So one of his new rules is that all drinking emporiums are to shut down at eight o'clock. This was patterned after the English rule, where bars close up at a certain hour at night—re-open in the morning, close again around noon, and then open up again a short time before evening. So the wily ones who like their liquor in Addis Ababa get around the law neatly and effectively. When the doors are locked at eight o'clock—they just simply stay inside and imbibe to their



heart's content all night. Clever, these Ethiopians!

The sight of three or four men, chained to another man, coming down the street leads the uninitiated to believe that here comes a cop and his three prisoners. Not so. It is a creditor, leading his three debtors. If the creditor in Ethiopia believes that his debtor is likely to beat a sudden retreat before he pays his bill, he has the debtor chained up to him, so as to make certain he won't get away. Domestic and debt slavery is the rule in Ethiopia.

Court proceedings, before Selassie made an effort to establish an orderly system of justice, were of the impromptu variety. In fact, outside of Addis Ababa, they are still as simple, direct and elemental as ever. Court may be held suddenly on the street corner, in the gutter or in the very middle of the road. A man pleads his own case, with the help of whatever friends he may be able to rally round—and a passerby may be roped in to act as judge.

As to art, the Abyssinian is indifferent. Most of the art is confined to church frescoes, of the crudest kind. A bad man is drawn in profile, while a good man is shown full face!

Again, even though Selassie has established schools to which all classes may send their children—these do not extend beyond the immediate vicinity of the three largest cities of the country—and hence, taken as a whole, the education of the people is at the zero point. Fingerprints are used, for

instance, to sign contracts. Not a bad idea, at that.

The mountains of Ethiopia are high, but the morals are low, when it comes to standards and ethics. Ethiopians marry and divorce and marry again with a rapidity which would put Tommy Manville or Peggy Joyce in the deep dark shade of conservatism. A boy marries his first lady friend at 14 and he keeps up the pace until he is buried. Some of the leading chiefs have had fifty wives and think nothing of it.

The upper class women do not cook. Neither do they do household chores or such menial tasks as mending their husband's clothes. They slick down their hair until it looks like a bright and shiny wig. The slicking is done with rancid butter. And when spring days lend zip to the season and all mankind goes courting the female of the species the 25,000 miles round the globe irrespective of national labels, the Ethiopian girls thrust flower petals into their noses, or vary this with green leaves and cotton in their ears.

Dogs abound in prolific quantities. They scavenge and their great competitors are hyenas. The hyenas and the town dogs converge on the refuse dumps of each little village—and the quiet of the night is made hideous by the howls, growls and shrill laughs of these animals as they fight to the death for scraps with monotonous regularity. It is not an uncommon sight to see dogs, mules, goats and chickens, plus the family, all in one big mud-and-thatch room.

Beggars greet one almost everywhere. The Arabs have called Abyssinia Bilad-Wa-Issi—"Land of Give Me Something."

Some Ethiopians are anxious to modernize the country. The majority are not. They don't understand. Some American farm implements lay for weeks in Addis Ababa without being used. No one knew how to use them for one thing, and secondly no one wanted to. They were afraid to. They feared some evil spirit would seize them if they tried to learn.

The first time an aeroplane ever appeared in Addis Ababa it was considered a devil sent to spy out upon the natives—and an evil spirit for daring to insult God by using His sky and His air for its gyrations.

Like a great many ignorant people, the natives of Abyssinia believe in witchcraft. They think, for instance, that blacksmiths are purveyors of black magic, and that a blacksmith can change himself instantly into a hyena.

If a young girl should be so foolhardy and reckless as to turn thumbs down on a handsome young blacksmith, he will gain his revenge by bewitching the lady. He changes himself into a hyena, serenades the girl outside her front door with blood curdling howls and flesh-creeping laughs. The girl will, unless restrained physically by her relatives or friends, creep out of the house on all fours to her demon lover, who is supposed to seize her, carry her off into the forest and devour her!



The cure is an amulet of hyena hair worn against the neck. This is a devil's spirit and goes under the name of *Bouda*.

Or again, Abyssinians are scared of such harmless animals as rabbits. In the southwest of Abyssinia, there is a trading station at Gambelia. An Englishman, living there, wrote home asking for some rabbits to be shipped out from England, so that he might raise them, both for eating and for what perhaps he might make out of the sale of their fur.

He, in company with his men, went to collect the bunnies when they arrived by steamer. The boxes were stowed on the Englishman's river boat and the return journey began. Alive with curiosity, some of the natives opened one of the boxes. Out jumped a rabbit. And, with a wild shriek of terror, overboard went the Ethiopians! Only with the greatest of difficulty did the Englishman ever entice his men back on deck. They listened to his explanation of the rabbits and their harmless qualities. But the Ethiopians were unconvinced. They claimed the rabbit was bewitched and therefore dangerous. For any animal that twitched its nose like a tarantula, had ears like a donkey and a tail like a goat, was certainly bewitched!

The aristocracy dress in white. They are completely covered to all intents and purposes, in great contrast to their fellow natives. Their costumes are of cotton or of silk—the silk denoting usually either a rich man or a noble. The tunic is

tight, the sleeves long. The trousers look not unlike Indian jodhpores. Over all this comes a long mantle, wrapped around the shoulders and throat and extending down to knee level. It makes the wearers look as though they have kilts. When you see a lean, athletic looking upper class Amharic wearing these pure white clothes, you see a worthwhile picture of a splendid human specimen. When the clothes are dirty—and that's often—they look awful.

Differences in caste are recorded by the number of colored bands round the throat and the colors themselves. At other times, the way the mantle is worn conveys the indication of what type of individual is the wearer. The ignorant—the ordinary Johnnie Q. Publics as it were—are not allowed to ape the higher-ups. They are bareheaded, barefooted and often bare in a lot of other places, too! Still, when the upper class Ethiopians instituted the use of imported umbrellas for themselves, they were kind enough to allow the hoi-polloi to ape them to the extent of straw sunshades.

The European who thinks he is going to get any special deference because he is white, will get a rude awakening. The Amharics adjudge themselves just as good as anyone else in the world. And the only time they will pay homage is when they find out that homage is actually due and warranted.

Perhaps this may be the reason for such hauteur. They have seen many white men come into their midst in their time down through the

ages. There were the Portuguese in the 16th Century. There were the renegades of all races. There were the Armenians and the Greeks, who fled from their countries to escape death from the hands of revolutionists or religious persecutors, and settled in Ethiopia. They mixed freely with the Amharics, inter-married, and so infused their Caucasian blood with all the other types of blood running through the veins of these ancient people.

And so Ethiopia is a strange mixture of goodness and badness, of rules and lawlessness, of mediævalism and modernism—a land of startling contrasts.

Side by side, in Addis Ababa stand squat mud huts and modern stone buildings.

Side by side, in Addis Ababa move mules, cattle, sheep, rickety carts and rakish, streamlined American automobiles, consuming gasoline at \$1 per gallon!

This is the strange city of contrasts that has become the focal point of the world's interest.

It may be here that Fate may decide whether or not the youth of the world will be able to finish out the days of his youth in the pursuits of peace or stretched out, a corpse, on some bloody battlefield.

II

Actors, Past and Present

The glories of Rome reach back into the dim ages of the past—to the days of the Ciceros and the Caesars, to the days of the coming of Christ.

But Roman history is as new and shiny as a department store table compared to the oldness of Ethiopia. For the story of this ancient kingdom is wrapped in the misty legends of time. To the Bible may be traced the lineage of these dark-skinned and haughty people.

The pages of the Old Testament tell of the people of the Land of Kush. And Kush was the son of Ham, who was the son of Noah. And the Ethiopians declare that when the early scholars translated the Bible from the Greek, the savants called them Ethiopics, and the Hebrew word Kush became Ethiopia.

The ancient, time-worn Amharic is the Ethiopian language and Ethiopia, translated, is spelled "Ityopya." To the Greek scholars, the world was a vast place. Beyond the horizon lay another horizon. They didn't know quite how far they dared to go, before they dropped off into space. But beyond their immediate horizon, they knew stretched many lands inhabited by black people.

So Ethiopia to the Greek scholars was an apt phrase which covered plenty of territory. For its English meaning is "The Land of the Burnt Face People."

But where, the curious want to know, does Abyssinia come in? Abyssinia is synonymous with Ethiopia. It is an Arabic word meaning "confusion has come to man." The Ethiopians despise the word. To them it is an insult, a term of contempt. Yet Ethiopia, to the neighboring Arabs, was the land of "mongrels" and the name Abyssinia came to be used with equal frequency.

The Ethiopians insist they play second fiddle to no man in the matter of honorable and famous forebears. The Biblical Sheba, they say, was their country, and the Queen of Sheba, their Queen. From the love she bore King Solomon, there came a son, and from the son descended in an unbroken line, a family, one of which today sits upon this ancient throne and defies the power and might of a modern Caesar.

The latter often boasts to his fellow countrymen the glories of the Roman past and shouts passionate exhortations that they rewrite this ancient history in modern language. And when they hear of this, the Ethiopians laugh. For King Solomon and his glorious Queen lived one thousand years before the coming of Christ, a time when Rome was virgin ground of forest and grass and mud, through which a mighty river wound its lazy way down to an ocean as yet undiscovered by

man. Antiquity? Glories of the past? Come again, laugh the Ethiopians when they hear the boasts of the modern Caesar echoing across the banks of the Tiber.

The Ethiopians are a branch of the Hamitic race—and the Hamites came from Egypt. Once upon a time, when the deeds of the Bible were in the making, the Egyptians ruled the world. They were a great race of soldiers, and sailors, farmers and builders, and among other nations, they conquered Ethiopia. The Ethiopians paid them tribute in gold, silver and copper, slaves, frankincense and myrrh. But taxes grew heavier and the conquering hand of the Pharaohs grew more oppressive. So the Ethiopians revolted and threw off the yoke of the Egyptians. They became a free and independent people once again and from that day to this—no man, black or white, has conquered Ethiopia. Many have tried, but all have failed.

Mussolini talks of avenging the Italian defeat at Adowa in March of 1896—but that was not the first time the shadow of Rome fell athwart the children of King Solomon. When the Romans marched into the Holy Land, Jews fled right and left. When the Jews were told to "render unto Caesar the tribute that is Caesar's," many decided that it was better to pack up and get out. And great numbers of them fled into Ethiopia.

Then down from the dry and dusty plains of Arabia came sweeping Moslem raiders. They

raced through Asia Minor, and to the fringes of Ethiopia, burning, pillaging and fighting. Then Abyssinia disappeared from the world's ken for almost a thousand years. It was, indeed, "The Forgotten Country." And its people lived within themselves for a thousand years. And for a thousand years the rest of the world plodded along the path of progress to new inventions, new discoveries, new socialisms.

Then came the 16th Century. The Egyptians, the Romans, the Greeks—they had all fallen by the wayside of ever advancing Time. Each had had his day in the sun. And each had grown fat, lazy and decayed into nothingness. And so in the 16th Century, the Portuguese and the Spaniards were the kingpins of the era. Both were great sailor nations. But it fell to the lot of the Portuguese to rediscover Ethiopia.

It was almost like the famous fairy tale of the Sleeping Beauty. Here was a nation, the earliest Christian nation on earth, which had dropped out of sight and been completely forgotten for the huge span of a thousand years. And now knocking at her doors again, to awaken her was the outside world in the shape of Portuguese explorers. They found her rich, and took back some of the riches to the Portuguese kings. And sometimes, the kings dispatched troops to help the Ethiopians drive off marauding bands of Moslems.

Once Northern Africa was studded with Sees, presided over by Bishops, one of them being the

great Augustine, famous in ancient church history. Christianity was driven from this territory by the Moslem raiders, but never from Ethiopia.

And so the Mohammedans held great affection for the Ethiopians. For more than once, Christian Ethiopian armies rushed down from the highlands to the rescue of persecuted Arabs, and for many years Abyssinia held the Kingdom of Yemen in Arabia.

The Evangelist Philip was the man responsible for the introduction of Christianity into Ethiopia. A minister of the Queen of Sheba was returning from Jerusalem, when he met Evangel Philip, and the minister's conversion to the Christian faith was soon accomplished. Then two Christian missionaries, Aedesius and St. Frumentius, were shipwrecked on the coast and were made prisoners by the Ethiopians. From slavery they taught the Christian religion and before long Frumentius was consecrated a bishop.

Like the Copts, with whom they have always had close relations, the Ethiopians depart from Orthodox Christianity as we know it, in that they hold to the Jacobite doctrine as to the nature of Christ. The Abyuna, or the Archbishop of Ethiopia, is always a Copt, appointed and consecrated by the Coptic Patriarch of Egypt's Alexandria. And the Church exercises a tremendous hold over the people. Perhaps one third of the male population of Ethiopia—and the population runs from anywhere between six to ten millions

of people—are intimately connected with the church in some capacity—priests, monks, deacons. A third of the entire nation—and the nation is three times the size of Italy—is owned by the church. Thus it can be seen how the church holds sway over a great proportion of the people, and how it can whip their emotions into white heat of passion, or control them by the power of superstition.

The church has been the conservative influence on Ethiopia in the past, and is today. This is the Christian element. There still exists the Jewish sect of native Ethiopians, known as Falashas, who are descendants of those Jews who fled from Jerusalem. In addition there are the wild, uncontrollable pagan tribes of the frontier regions known as the Danakils.

For most of its history—during the Christian era at any rate, Ethiopia was a vast collection of provinces. Each warred against the other incessantly. Topping the list of provinces was Amhara, whose sovereign boasted of the blood of Solomon in his veins and called himself Negus Negusti (King of Kings) and claimed lordship over all the other provinces. The Amharics once, of course, were solely natives of Amhara, but through the years they spread through the whole of Ethiopia.

After centuries—and a century to an Ethiopian is like a decade to you and me—they became semitized by countless Arab invasions. Slave trading introduced negroes and after centuries of intercourse, their physical appearance changed.

There are a few Amharics in Ethiopia who are sufficiently civilized—in our occidental sense of the word—to think that to be all black is an incurable sign of inferiority and political inability. They like to think they themselves have a Caucasian origin—therefore they, being light of color, can thank this origin for their political sagacity, their ability to rule and their statesmanship. But there are many students of this enigmatic people who say that no matter even if there are Brunette Amharics, they still hail from a fundamentally negroid race and nothing that the upper class and intelligent Amharics can say to the contrary will change that fact. It is, after all, one of those things which will remain controversial until the Judgment Day.

Still, these people believe that they, surrounded as they are by darker, ignorant, illiterate natives, are the aristocracy of Ethiopia and are born to rule. Thus they are extraordinarily proud, highly sensitive and intensely national, so national, in fact, as to be almost fanatical on the subject. It is this fanaticism which faces Mussolini's European troops, handicapped also by the rigors, the plagues and the strength-sapping heat of the tropics.

Due to the Coptic religion of the country the bond between Ethiopia and Egypt has been very strong. But though the bishops were responsible for the spiritual guidance of Ethiopia, some of them were not above working for their own personal interests. For the bishops could read and

write—and the majority of the nation could not and still cannot. In addition the Ethiopian is a great believer in witchcraft and can be immensely upset by superstitions. These characteristics were not lost on some bishops and so the spiritual guidance of Ethiopia was not always as fast or as ideal as it might have been.

Imagine then, the anger of the Ethiopian church, and the fury of the bishops when, two years ago, Ras Tafari Makonnen, the Emperor Haile Selassie, the modernist, outraged all Ethiopian tradition by refusing flatly to petition the Coptic Patriarch in Alexandria for a successor to an Egyptian Bishop who had died.

And so here the royal family of Ethiopia enters the picture.

The present ruler—the bearded King of Kings, Lion of Judah and Emperor of Ethiopia—claims direct descent from the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. Before him trickles through the pages of history a powerful and great line of Kings, Queens and Princes—some good, more bad.

Of modern times—and this is what we are concerned with today—the first great King was Theodore the Third. He was born in 1818, the son of a small and obscure chief. But by his own political acumen, cunning and courage, he made himself Emperor. He educated himself, became far more intelligent than any of his fellow countrymen and was a religious zealot and cruel in the bargain. He looked upon the English as a great

white people, a race whose methods of statecraft he would do no harm in aping. So one day he dispatched a letter to Queen Victoria. The letter was never answered.

This angered the great Theodore, King of Kings, Lion of Judah and Emperor of Ethiopia. Without more ado he sent a detachment of warriors to the house of the British Consul General, Capt. Cameron; seized him, bound him with thongs and flung him into prison.

In London there was consternation. Who was this who dared lay unceremonious and rough hands upon the Queen?—for the consul general was the representative of the Queen and inferentially anyone who laid hands on him, laid physical hands on her. The upstart, said London, must be taught a lesson—one of those lessons in which Great Britain has been past master in the day when she was building her great colonial empire.

A military expedition under Gen. Sir Robert Napier set out. In the spring of 1868, the British column marched into Theodore's capital, Magdala, after slaughtering many Ethiopians with rifle fire—one of the earliest times Ethiopians got a really first hand taste of how deadly rifle fire can become in the hands of organized troops. When the town fell to the British, Theodore, too proud to flee, plunged a knife into his own heart and fell dead.

Overshadowing the great Theodore's memory, however, came Menelik the Second. He was born

in 1842, the son of the King of Shoa. His father had resented Theodore's power and threw down the gauntlet, challenging him to battle, not once, but many times. At length the old King of Shoa was exhausted and surrendered. The young son Menelik led a life little different to that of his father—always a continual round of wars. But when Theodore stepped out of the picture, Menelik struck out all around and about him and in time, became powerful enough to declare himself Negus Negusti.

Now on the northeastern edge of Ethiopia, along the coastline, Italy and France had established colonies. And when the Italians gazed into the interior and saw what rich pasture lay just beyond the mountain range along the southern horizon of their new colony—their imperialistic appetites became whetted. They licked their military chops and decided to make mince meat out of helpless Ethiopia.

Menelik had signed treaties with the Italians and the French. The Italians said, in effect, "Thank you very much," and proceeded to place their own interpretation upon the treaties—the interpretation being that a protectorate over Abyssinia had been given the Italians. And not only did they make their own translation of this agreement, but proceeded coolly to act on it. Italian troops went across the Ethiopian border.

Emperor Menelik became inarticulate with rage. He denied that the Italians had any protectorate

over his country—that they were insulting and that they had better take themselves and their soldiers off before they were put off. The Italians sneered and pressed forward. Aided and secretly abetted by France, who had no desire to see this rich country—one of the juiciest of all the commercial plums of Africa which the British and the French had smugly monopolized and parceled between them—fall into the hands of Italy, Menelik moved to meet the invaders. When the Italians reached Adowa, they were greeted by an unexpected but a murderous rifle fire. The battle of Adowa was a bloody battle, and the Italians were almost wiped out to a man. It created a sensation in Europe. It blackened Italy's military eye, the discoloration of which lasted even to the World War. It forced the House of Savoy to back-pedal and agree to a humiliating peace treaty—a treaty which was signed at Addis Ababa, recognizing the complete independence of Ethiopia.

Kings and presidents of Europe began to sit up and take notice. They sent their bright young diplomats to Djibouti, to travel along the rickety railroad 500 miles to Addis Ababa, to present their compliments to Emperor Menelik, congratulate him on his successes, give him a few presents, find out what he amounted to and just how Ethiopia fitted into the African scheme of things.

Menelik was pleased at this sudden flood of diplomatic visitors—but he didn't bite on any of the carefully baited European hooks dangled tempt-

ingly beneath his nose. Instead, he made it quite clear that Ethiopia was Ethiopia—that it would remain Ethiopia and he was boss of the country and he would always be glad to entertain foreign visitors any time they wanted to call.

But though he told the outside world he was boss, one or two of his own people didn't agree so readily. One was Ras Ali, King of Wolles. He was a Moslem and he revolted. Menelik's men soon gave him a round and sound trouncing, and Ras Ali was made a prisoner.

And here was one reason why Menelik II was one of the great Emperors of Ethiopia. He reasoned that if he imprisoned his enemy—he might foment more revolts; his enemy might escape and there was too much danger in just chopping off his head and hanging the carcass to one of the eucalyptus trees of Addis Ababa—for which gruesome purpose they were often used.

So the old Emperor decided there was only one solution—keep his rebellious neighbor under his eye all the time. He had the prisoner marched before him and calmly told him that he could take one of two alternatives—renounce the Moslem faith and become Christian and marry his, Menelik's, daughter—or else be hanged.

Being a wise man, the Ras Ali turned Christian and married his captor's daughter. He became the Ras Mikael and begat several children.

Time moved on. The powers of the world began glaring at one another in 1913 in real earnest.

Clouds of war began to bank, one above the other, on the horizon of civilization. And in 1913, old Menelik suddenly died.

But, on his deathbed, he decreed that not Ras Mikael should be emperor, but Mikael's son, Menelik's grandson, should become Negus Negusti, the Lion of Judah, and most powerful individual of all Ethiopia. This seemed to be one time, however, when the old Emperor's cunning and political acumen failed him. He knew that once he was out of the way, Ras Mikael could not be trusted to keep the peace. And so in his anxiety to keep him from seizing the power of the throne, Menelik selected his grandson, Lij Yasu.

He could hardly have made a worse selection. Lij was youthful, irresponsible, dissolute. And when he assumed control of the throne, after his grandfather's death, the world rocked with the sudden, numbing explosion of the Great War.

Africa had been and still is one of the causes of the World War and may be the cause of yet another world conflagration which the God of Mars is brewing with sadistic glee to decimate once again the flower of the youth of nations. Abyssinia became the breeding ground of a thousand intrigues. Germans, French, Italians and Englishmen courted the weakling Lij Yasu. The Germans wanted a large slice of northern Africa. So did the Italians. The French and the British were out to checkmate them. The German agents whispered in the ear of the youthful emperor. They

flung women before him by the score. They wine-dined and entertained him. And they enticed him away from his religion. Lij Yasu wavered undecided between Christianity and the Moslem faith of his father. The *rasses* of Ethiopia finally could stand it no longer. They revolted. Then when the *Abuna*, the Bishop and head of the Christian Coptic Church in Ethiopia excommunicated Lij, the revolt spread like a fire races through the dry prairie grass on a broiling summer day.

So, it was not long before the youthful dissolute was dethroned. The angry chiefs convened and held council among themselves. They cast around for a successor, and pinned their faith on Zaudita (Judith), a daughter of the dead Menelik. Her they made Empress of Ethiopia, but at the same time chose another of Menelik's relatives, this time a grand-nephew and a comparatively young man, to rule as regent.

This young man was Ras Tafari Makennon. Today he is known to the world as Emperor Haile Selassie, the bearded modern King, who has sworn to spill his blood to the last drop on the field of battle to prevent Mussolini's mighty hosts from annexing his ancient kingdom and turning it into an Italian colony.

And, this, the newest and present King of Ethiopia, is as strange a King as one could find in all Ethiopian history. He is a modernist—a progressive. He is to ancient Ethiopia, with its time-honored traditions, and its conservative

church, what the LaFollettes, the Nyes and the Norrises are to the United States. He of all the important Ethiopians of the royal house and the ruling class journeyed to the outside world to see how far ahead of Ethiopia had marched the world during those 1,000 years when Ethiopia was forgotten by the world, and the world forgotten by Ethiopia.

So Ras Tafari traveled to Paris, to London—inspected armies, navies, studied governments, examined the centers of education and learning. He had no difficulty in the continent of Europe, for he spoke French fluently, a language that he had learned as a boy in a Jesuit mission.

When he returned—it was in 1924 that he made his pilgrimage to the seats of modern civilization—he was a changed and different Ras. What he had seen in other lands made him view anew his own land with a critical eye. And so he, as King of Kings, Lion of Judah, began a new chapter in Ethiopian history—the chapter of Ethiopia's New Deal.

He started in with his own royal household. He adopted a pleasant hospitality, a sort of open house to all visiting foreigners. Visitors were served with hot tea and piping hot baking powder biscuits—done to a turn by the expert hand of—an American cook.

Next he caused horrified consternation by producing cigarettes and calmly smoking them. His subjects hesitated and then soon followed the new

royal custom. The church was furious, but Ras declined to make an issue. He had seen the outside world and the standard of living of its peoples—and ninety-nine per cent of his clerical critics had not. And Ras Tafari ploughed ahead on his new course, content that he was doing right—the right of trying to lift his people from the squalor and backwardness of mediæval times to the bright brilliant cleanliness of electric lights, bathtubs, decent justice and all the rest of the attributes of the occidental civilization.

At times, he was hampered by the dull, stupid Judith, who was merely a convenient tool for the reactionaries who foresaw in these innovations the eventual doom of their own dominance over the illiterate populace. The official power belonged to the Empress, but the actual power was wielded by the then Prince Regent.

For thirteen years, he went about the job of governing very seriously. The French watched him and helped him. And through their efforts, the co-endorsement of the Italians and his own conscientiousness, Ethiopia was admitted into the League of Nations as a sovereign power in her own right, taking her place as a full fledged responsible unit, along with such towering members as Great Britain, Germany, Japan and others.

When that happened, the outside world sat up again and took notice. And this is what it found this earnest, energetic young man had accomplished or at least had tried to do:



Erect modern buildings. Eight of these in Addis Ababa today were built in honor of his coronation. Out of his own pocket, he and his empress built modern hospitals. He reached abroad for his nurses and his doctors. An American negro, he appointed as chief health officer.

He was responsible for the founding of what few modern schools there are in Ethiopia. Being progressive and thus democratic by nature, even though light of skin and therefore one of the socially elect of Ethiopia, he had not missed the great lessons of education taught by the school systems of England and America. So, no matter how socially eligible, or how low in caste an Ethiopian family may be, it may send its sons and daughters, side by side, to these new schools. Selassie had, indeed, begun the beginning of the end of the reactionaries' dominance over social Ethiopia. As for his own children, the Emperor sent the eldest one abroad, to learn of the modern life and European languages. When the others are old enough, they too, will study abroad.

Then he copied the European system of justice, instituting courts, reducing fines—which enraged the magistrates who, like a good many other magistrates the world over, used to mulct the poor and the ignorant right and left. He disarmed natives—set about regulating commercial transportation—moderated the land taxes. Like the Russians, he decided that the best engineers of the world were the Americans.

To them he turned and hired technical experts, artisans, engineers to show his people the way to industrial rehabilitation of his country. "We must wake up," cried Ras Tafari. "We want to progress—to show the world that we are not ignorant and useless to the world." Roads began to appear round about the three main cities, Harrar, Adowa and Addis Ababa. And on the roads appeared the first automobiles—American! And the first motorist was the Emperor. He is, indeed, a most modern monarch.

His musical tastes run to modern ragtime tunes, imported by batches from New York and London. Nothing tickles him so much as to wind up his player piano and sit by the hour and listen to the keys automatically pound out the canned music. Next to his skin and beneath his royal robes, you will find the snappiest silk underwear supplied by the cream of New York's haberdashers. And his children romp indoors and round the grounds of the palace with the most expensive toys from London, Paris and New York.

But of all things—all the problems he has had to face, he has found his greatest difficulty in trying to abolish slavery. And he has found it just about as tough a job as three successive Republican governments of the United States discovered the tough job it was to dry up America with prohibition.

Selassie is not dumb. Far from it. He is a widely read man. Upon the bookshelves of his

palace, you will find virtually no fiction—but mostly volumes dealing with social and economic problems of the world's leading countries. Thus Emperor Selassie has read many times the history of slavery in the United States. He is well aware that mass emancipation is utterly out of the question in his country. If you ask him why—he will point to the history books and recount to you the tale of the chaos and the horrors which followed America's attempt to do that very thing. Ridding Ethiopia of the slaves, he says, must be a slow, but steady job. Each slave freed, must be provided with a job to step into so he won't become a bandit, or a charge on the country.

In this he is using merely common sense. Trying to eradicate slavery from Ethiopia is like trying to abolish hot dog stands from the roadside of the great American landscape, but Selassie nevertheless has made inroads into this nefarious and inhuman traffic. And he keeps at it, month after month.

His reasoning on this is sound, too. And it shows he can look into the future as well as the present. Some day, he mused a decade ago when he first came into absolute power, some great powerful nation of Europe will use the prevalence of slavery in Ethiopia as an excuse to invade its territory rich in farm lands and minerals. The obvious thing to do was to remove the cause for the excuse.

How sound was his reasoning may be understood when one reads the daily blasts from the

Dictator of Rome—the keynote of which is always: “Italy will bring civilization and culture to Ethiopia.” Thus the very thing that Selassie feared has come to pass. Ethiopia’s slave trading is the official excuse for the Italian invasion.



III

Black Ivory

The slave trade of Ethiopia traces its origin back into the wars of the long, dim past. The first slaves were prisoners of war. Those wretches who were unable to buy back their freedom, or pay the ransom, were made to serve their conquerors.

To thousands of human beings this meant a life sentence, few having the ghost of a chance of ever finding enough money to gain their freedom. Few escaped. Wild animals made short work of them—or other tribes slew them.

So, many slaves remained slaves until their last breath. But at least they were allowed to marry. Many children were born. And these continued as slaves. Their children's children remained slaves, too. And as Ethiopia was always warring, so their prisoners increased in great numbers.

The cost of slaves began to go up. Important personages, whose community standing was rated by the number of slaves and retainers they possessed, were approached by slave traders. These were mainly Arabs seeking business for foreign markets.

The traders made huge sums of money. It attracted more and more traders. The business fair-

ly boomed. The demand soon exceeded the supply, so slave traders began raiding neighboring countries to fill their orders. And it grew to be so appalling—the cruelties practised became such a stench in the nostrils of the outside world—that official representations were made to the Emperors of Ethiopia by foreign governments. As late as 1930, Great Britain protested to Haile Selassie after a sudden and vicious raid by slave traders across the borders of Kenya left a trail of dead, dying and wounded.

Emperor Theodore was the first Negus Negusti to realize the inhumanity of this traffic. He, the first of the enlightened rulers of Abyssinia, tried to clamp down the lid. But he might just as well have thrust his fingers into the Blue Nile in the hope of halting its flow, for all the effect his orders had. Slave trading had fastened itself, barnacle-like, to the Ethiopian scheme of daily life, and it would take more than a few orders to stop it.

Theodore's efforts were followed by those of the great Menelik II, and Menelik had this advantage: under his reign, the nation had become one unit, the chiefs, or *rasses* being answerable to him. Thus where Theodore had to work in patches here and there, Menelik could tackle the problem on a national basis and expect support from the chiefs and get it.

Today, of the nation's 10,000,000 people, 2,000,000 are actually slaves. It is estimated that about one out of every four persons in Addis Ababa is a

slave. Not a nice situation to contemplate.

But Ras Tafari has succeeded in getting laws passed which now make it a capital offense to import new slaves. It has put something of a stopper to the business, but the ill effect it has had is to turn the slave traffic of Abyssinia to bootleg channels. If you know the right "bootlegger" in Ethiopia, you can quite easily get a nice new slave any time you need one. Profits are still to be made in the running of "black ivory" and so long as profits remain in any business, there always will be humans who will go after the profits, irrespective of laws or gallows, guillotines or electric chairs.

Everybody worthwhile and even half way worthwhile in Ethiopia has at least one slave. Usually the slaves number in double figures. There are Ethiopians employed at the United States legation in Addis Ababa—most important fellows they are, too—chauffeurs, gardeners, scrubwomen, doormen, flag raisers, valets, flunkies inordinary and extraordinary. The majority of these worthies besport big beards, little beards, bushy beards, scraggly beards or neat beards. Their pay averages around \$10 a month—but these diplomatic dignitaries have their own slaves, if you please! If the gardener discovers that an unmannerly and roving goat has left his trade-mark during the night on the legation's front lawn, he may be seen summoning one of his slaves to clean up things. Such labors are not worthy of a high class Ethiopian gardener!

When a visiting *ras* comes to town, he is usually straddling a donkey. Added to his weight—and often the *ras* is fat and plump—are all kinds of rich trappings of bright colors. The only compensation the luckless and bowlegged mule gets is the fact that at least he can share some of the shade of a gaudy umbrella that is held over his master's head upon all occasions.

But behind this visiting potentate, shambling with tireless gait, comes a small army of slaves, bare of foot, but equipped with rifle or sword. And the bigger the *ras* in general importance, the bigger the army of slaves behind. Sometimes they number as high as 15,000.

Even though Emperor Haile Selassie has made great efforts to stop slavery among his people, he throws all traffic into a hopeless tangle in Addis Ababa when he goes out anywhere. For his retainers straggle behind his royal equipage for miles. And this is so even when he rides in his American automobile. His speed is kept down so his slaves can keep up.

But though this ancient practise of trading humans for money still flourishes in Ethiopia, Selassie promised in 1932 that he would free all the 2,000,000 slaves in his country within 15 years—and the promise was delivered to the League of Nations and to the Anti-Slavery Society's commission which went to the country to study conditions.

Actually the slaves are on a par with the beasts

of the field. They have no rights and they must work from dawn to dusk. Their *rasses*, who own them, treat them according to humor. Some day the *ras* may be in a filthy humor and many slaves may regret the day. Other times, he may treat them with great benevolence.

Slaves have no recourse to the courts, for they have no standing. One reason why Ras Tafari's proclamation decreeing the liberation of slaves gains little headway is that the judges and the local *rasses* have tacit understandings, which simply nullify the imperial order.

Some Europeans who have studied slave conditions in Abyssinia return to report the slaves are contented and as long as their bosses feed and house them, they are satisfied to work his farms, his fields and patrol his herds. That is sophistry, for the Abyssinian slave has no alternative. He began his life of slavery when so young that he cannot remember whence he came. Maybe some have vague recollections of great forests, tall trees and huts—but that's all. If they fled, they wouldn't know where to go.

Freedom is out of the question. He has a synthetic freedom, which, so long as he acknowledges a master, permits him to wander through the villages and forests on his master's property. But once he gets off that ground, woe betide him. If he says he has no master, he gets short shrift. Those that do try to escape and are caught, immediately answer that they will belong to the chief

of the people who found him and so their life of bondage is renewed. If the new boss is less cruel than the former one, then they are lucky.

Nobody likes to talk of the traffic in Ethiopia—and it is next to impossible to find an actual slave trader—at least, that is, impossible for a European.

But there are many left in the business of running black ivory, and they are all Arabs. Abyssinians are too lazy. Arabs are great travelers. Abyssinians are not.

In the provinces in the Sudan, slaves have disappeared. Then there are decrees against such traffic, so the trader who fouls the law must exercise extreme caution, tread unbeaten paths through unbroken jungle, and cross hot burning deserts, so as to bootleg his human merchandise across the Abyssinian border without being caught.

The traffic has become more and more dangerous. If a trader gathers up two caravans of slaves—about 25 or 30 per year—and 15 to 20 slaves survive the terrible rigors of travel, then he is satisfied.

He buys most of his slaves from chiefs who are broke and need money to pay the local taxes. The trader puts up the tax money and takes the slaves. These luckless humans are herded together at one rendezvous, caravans arrive and then the trek to Abyssinia starts. The traders, of course, must pay tribute to the chiefs of the villages where a rendezvous is held—graft is a business which is as common as the world is wide!

At the rendezvous, the trader has his own cache, a sort of series of cellars. Open one and you may see half a dozen women sleeping together in a dark, hot hole in the ground. In another cellar you will find men. Every house in the village rendezvous has some sort of secret hole in the ground in which the slaves may be thrust to await the time of setting out on the long journey across the hot desert sands.

Hunting for slaves—mark that phraseology! Hunting for slaves is exactly the same as hunting for wild beasts. The traders gallop over great distances to fertile tracts of land, where they know farmers till their fields and cattle herds graze the live long day.

Through the forest they prowl with great stealth. They wait until dawn behind a thicket, at the edge of some clearing or pasture. Then when the dawn breaks and the sun streams its first rays through the trees, the herds are driven out to graze. The herders are often women. The slave hunter waits, tensed and muscle-bunched. When the herd passes, he leaps, a panther-like leap of great power. A cloth descends over the luckless girl's head. In a trice powerful arms encircle her. Off to the thicket she is carried and it is but the work of a moment to gag, bind and toss her over the shoulder like some sack of meal. And the life of slavery for that girl has begun!

The routes most used to return slaves to Abyssinia are not those by land, but by sea. And

it is ironical that these embarkation points for slave trading ships should be in Italian Eritrea and Italian Somaliland—and Mussolini complains bitterly that the slave trade flourishes in Ethiopia!—all the time the majority of the black ivory traffic which gets into Abyssinia, is done under the very nose of his own colonial henchmen. But henchmen the world over can be made to look the other way for a price. Bootlegging flourished in America—for a price. Slave trading flourishes likewise in this last of the independent nations of dark Africa—for a price.

It was all this traffic—a business 5,000 years old—that Ras Tafari promised to give up when Ethiopia knocked on the door of the League of Nations and sought admittance as an independent, progressive Christian nation.

This act created a stir throughout the world. And it also held what the intelligentsia like to call “an imponderable.” Here was a nation, almost forgotten by the world, at any rate considered savage and wild, asking to be lined up on equal terms with the civilized world. It meant that this “wild” nation had heard of the League and trusted it. Its trust was so great that it was willing to give up slavery.

Abyssinia sent four gorgeously dressed delegates to Geneva to press her claims. And the country's customs and policy were so little known outside of Northern Africa, that the delegates were kept busy for a whole month stating their claims, estab-

lishing their status as a nation with definite boundaries, a stable government, taxes and diplomatic relationships.

The world at Geneva learned that Abyssinia did possess borders, though some were a little vague where they thrust out into the wilds of the Dark Continent. The committee was eventually satisfied that Emperor Haile Selassie did have complete and unified rule over his 10,000,000 subjects. The only stumbling block was slavery.

All through another month, the question of Ethiopian slavery was debated by the League of Nations. It was just like Congress in Washington, debating for hours and hours on the whys and wherefores of lobbyists, and jamming through in a few days, with a minimum of discussion, a tax bill designed to change the economic and social face of the nation in the next decade!

The Geneva delegates debated whether Ethiopia should eliminate slavery first, be admitted afterward, or be admitted immediately, receive the tag of civilization and assume the responsibility of eradicating slavery after.

Students of the human race will not fail to smile satirically. In the South, in the U. S., mobs cheerfully string blacks up to a tree for assaulting a white woman, or killing a white man, and "neck-tie" party leaders in the last 12 months have been known to issue invitations for the "show" to women and children. But we are civilized!

Workers in the beet sugar fields in the southwest

earn as much as \$7 and \$10 a month, live in hovels and work 15 hours a day—but we are civilized!

Ethiopian slavery began with the taking of prisoners of war and putting them to work.

During the World War, the European nations accomplished much of their work behind the lines, with labor battalions composed of prisoners of war. Germans dug British trenches. British prisoners labored at German concentration camps.

But we don't call that slavery. We are civilized!

Eventually the League of Nations arrived at a compromise. Ethiopia was to eliminate slavery as quickly as possible, and in return the League would recommend a membership ticket for the Abyssinians.

The resolution was passed unanimously. The four black delegates from this ancient land of the Queen of Sheba were led to their places amid great cheering.

The chief delegate, Dedjazmatch Nadeou, was dressed in the flowing garments of Ethiopia. The entire assembly of civilized (!) nations' representatives was highly impressed. The delegate was determined to make his speech before all these great dignitaries.

He thrust his hand into the voluminous folds of his garment. The audience sat tense. Was it to be a pencil or—a knife?—one could never tell about these savages, you know! Slowly the dark man's hand emerged from his pockets and unfolded a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles.

He thanked the League, dwelt upon the kindness and justice of the admission, hoped that everything would go well and Ethiopia would soon make rapid progress now that she was on equal terms with the rest of the world. The audience applauded warmly.

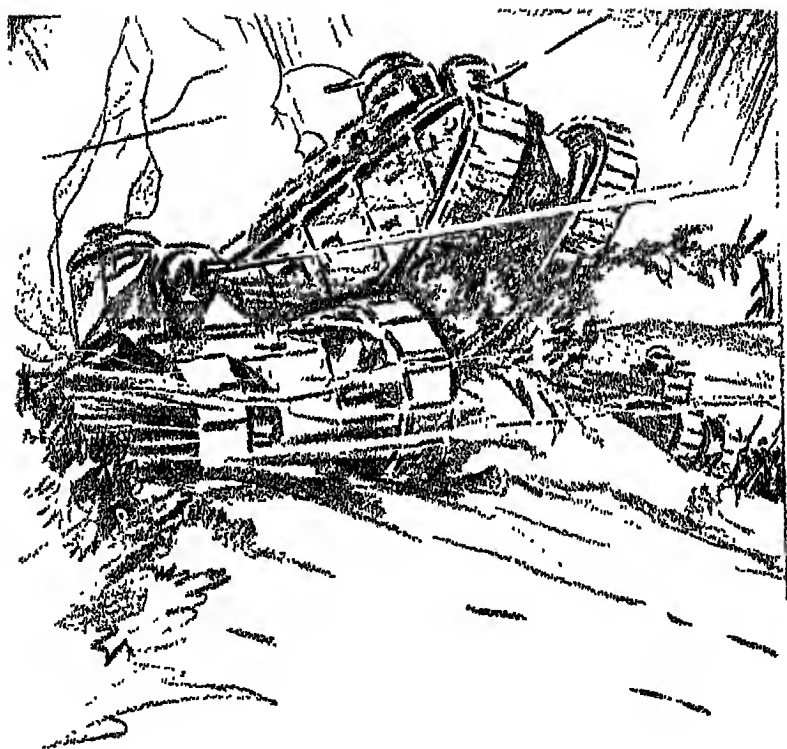
That was how the slaves of Ethiopia were freed—officially!

But habits 5,000 years old—more than twice the length of the span between the coming of Christ to the earth and today—are not blotted out as simply as that. Emperor Haile Selassie has truly tried to live up to his message to the League of Nations—but the fates are against him.

Fate—in the shape of the World War, the depression, the rise of Mussolini—has defeated him.

Mussolini—whose word can send an Italian to jail for the rest of his natural life and who instituted the system of Fascism, which is a rich man's system, where the laborer makes the best of what he can get—declares that the Lion of Judah, King of Kings has broken his word and is a barbarian!

Therefore, Dictator Mussolini, will bring "civilization" to Ethiopia—the land of Kush, the son of Ham, the son of Noah!



IV

In Action!

Can Italy conquer Ethiopia?

Mussolini puts his head back and bellows with laughter that anyone should ask so foolish a question.

Emperor Haile Selassie squares his shoulders and his black eyes flash fire as he replies: "We shall repeat the victory of Adowa!"

Italy is a mighty, first class power. Her youth has been rejuvenated with the spirit of ancient Rome and all its conquering glory. Money has been spent on its military machine. Its soldiers are well-armed, well-equipped and well-fed. Its munitions supply plentiful and self-supporting. And it is filled with that restless spirit of: "Where to next?"—the spirit of imperialism, of conquest, of carving out for itself a new slice of the earth's surface, from which to extract riches and on which to propagate.

Ethiopia is ancient, disorganized with many feudal tribes and chieftains, with no imperialistic spirit driving it such as is found in the Fascist youth of today. It is in the throes of commercial and social awakening. Its army is not a well-oiled, cohesive military machine like Italy's army. It has

no tanks, aeroplanes numbering less than a dozen and not fit to do anything more hazardous than observation work and artillery spotting. Most serious of all from the military viewpoint, it has no standard weapons and very little worthwhile ammunition.

Then on paper, it would seem that Mussolini has a right to lean back on his heels and hold his sides and roar with laughter at anyone with the temerity to doubt the immediate success of his military venture.

Yet doubts there are among many military experts.

The explanation is—Il Duce has two enemies. One is the Emperor of Ethiopia. The other is Nature. And of the two, Nature is the stronger enemy.

Let us examine why:

There are two Italian colonies in northeast Africa. One is Eritrea. The other, separated by French and British Somalilands, is Italian Somaliland. Eritrea is to the north, Italian Somaliland to the south of Ethiopia. Therefore, from these two points, Mussolini's generals must launch their campaign. They cannot use the railroad from Djibouti, as it is internationally owned. They cannot cross into the Sudan, because that is within the British sphere of influence.

The initial Italian attack is expected from the north—the route that led to the old Italian defeat at Adowa. To this end they have already built

themselves a railroad spur, to the foot of the Ethiopian mountains. But the mountain range which lies beyond the end of the railroad is a country like Colorado and Wyoming in the days of Pike and Kit Carson. There are ancient caravan trails, so hazy and winding that only natives, or seasoned, old time colonial troops can follow them.

If an Italian thrust is made here, covered by simultaneous flank attacks, the Ethiopians are expected to fall back slowly and in good order, fighting a guerilla action. The mountains are steep, covered with brush which provides excellent cover for Abyssinian snipers. Consider an Italian soldier, weighed down by his full fighting equipment, clambering through these mountains for miles on end, with only a general idea of his direction, unaccustomed to the terrain and an almost sitting target for an enemy sniper.

The Ethiopian tribesman is familiar with the country, is a reader of trail signs, and the possessor of an agility to spring from cover to cover, crag to crag, firing all the while.

When an enemy is on the move, it must have an objective. There are only three cities—Harrar, the coffee bean center whose products find their way into America's coffee cups every morning; Addis Ababa and Adowa—the only three towns having any importance in Ethiopia. The rest are villages and market places. Addis Ababa was only a camping ground 40 years ago and is now but a six-mile conglomeration of mud huts and

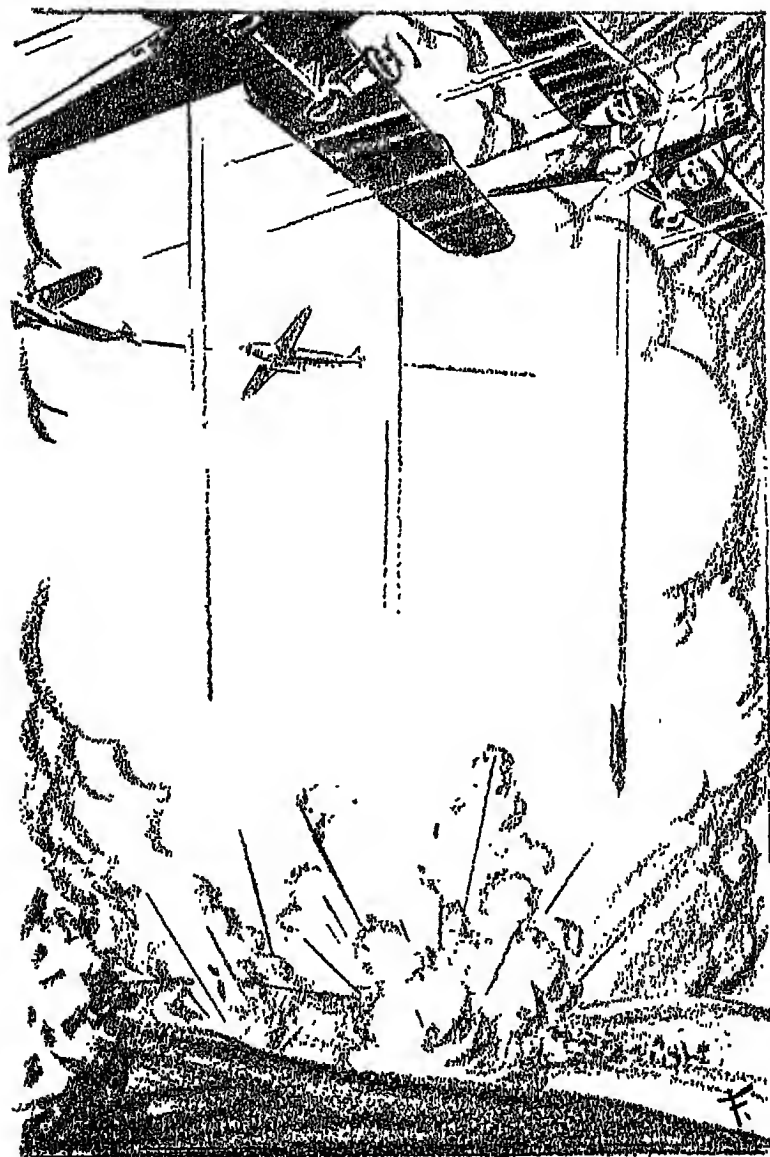
modern buildings. And here are some 75,000 people hidden beneath a great green blanket of eucalyptus trees. Yet all three cities can be abandoned almost overnight and cause no great loss to the Ethiopian forces.

In the east, the Italians have concentrated large forces at Assab. Round this Eritrean city, the Italians have thrown up heavy fortifications.

These protect supply bases and aerodromes—for Assab is within striking distance by bombing plane of both Harrar and Addis Ababa. Just how successful would be an air attack, of which the Ethiopians are at present much afraid, is problematical. The Italians, with planes equipped mostly with water cooled motors, are reported to be having great trouble already in loss of efficiency from these engines due to heat. Hence probably most of the Italian planes we shall see before long, will be equipped with air cooled motors. This is one of the first military lessons Africa has taught the Italians.

The south forms the most vulnerable point in Italy's campaign of conquest. Much of this is unexplored desert, thorn brush, with little or no water—a hell of burning, fiery heat, rolling for miles on end. It would mean that the Italian commanders must string out long, vulnerable communication lines, to support the advancing columns. In guerrilla attacks these lines could be cut almost at will by tribesmen acquainted with the territory.

That is why Selassie is concentrating most of



his troops at present to the north, and east, from which the main Italian attack is expected. Tribesmen have been given orders to make themselves scarce in the daytime, and fight bitterly at night. They can slip through the night as silently as ghosts. Have they not been doing it for generations, stalking game, and fighting fellow tribesmen? A sudden sortie in the dead of night—wild cries—shots—the gurgling rattle of a dying Italian as his throat is slit from ear to ear by ghostly black hands wielding a shining blade—and then silence—the raiders are gone.

Such attacks in the dark will shake the morale of any European troops. The famous *Ghowrka* regiments of the British Indian army struck an unholy terror in the hearts of many German regiments in the early days of the world war by their sudden night attacks—the silent, grim horrible way they went to work, hand to hand, with *kukris*—slicing, maiming, butchering.

The Ethiopians may try to hinder and hamper the Italians in the north and slow up their advance to such an extent that tribal regiments may be sent south to Somaliland to launch a counter attack against the Italian colonial troops. The very nature of the terrain along this front is not conducive to a quick thrust—but rather a slow advance. The farther the advance, the more extended must grow the Italian front.

If the Ethiopians can, by a series of quick, nerve-shattering raids, defeat some of the Italian

colonials, it may be that they can cause color to gravitate to color, create revolt among the black Somali troops of Italy, and thus sadly damage the Italian prestige.

Ogaden province is full of camel trails, heat, jungle fever, plains down upon which the sun beats with great fierceness. The Ethiopian highlander doesn't like this any more than any white man—but that he can wage a successful campaign through this sector has been proven by the way the Abyssinian armies routed the Mad Mullah of Somaliland in 1904.

Highlanders or lowlanders, the Ethiopians are hard and fierce fighters. Apart from the regular army, where are all these men who will shed their blood to the last drop to stand off Mussolini's armies? They are scattered, here, there, everywhere—through plains, hills and valleys.

They herd sheep and cattle, horses and camels. They farm small patches of fertile ground—gather wild coffee berries, honey, fruit; they hunt game—move from market place to market place—from one grazing ground to another with their flocks and their herds, making their own garments from leather and hand-loomed cotton, forging their tools on primitive portable anvils.

In the main, they are a simple, primitive people—a legacy of those nomads of which the Bible speaks in the Old Testament. Their priests move with them, excepting the monks who stay rooted in their ancient monasteries. Their churches are

mud and thatch. Their food is primitive—meat, peppery flapjacks and honey mead which tastes like flat and slightly sour beer. And they have little respect for people who are so fussy as to insist upon cooked meat. They take theirs in slices, raw!

Now then, how can one strike a decisive military blow at such people?

There can be only one Italian objective—to occupy the entire country.

Africa is Africa and a great mysterious land. She has a strange, awesome way of dealing with large forces of men, especially Europeans. She stretches wide her arms, envelops them to her broad bosom and these armies are seen no more—just swallowed up into nothingness. Numbers mean nothing to Africa. Distances are vast and man is but an insignificant insect on the broad surfaces of her great plains. Armies cannot deploy in Africa as they do in Europe.

Transports of cheering soldiers set sail from Naples—but how many of these light-hearted youths, who were babies when the World War was being fought, or who weren't even born at all and thus think that war is a lark of marches, medals and an occasional pot shot at the enemy—how many of these youths read military histories of Africa? Probably not one. Had they done so, their smiles would have been wiped off their faces and their eyes would mirror a growing horror.

For history books tell that Africa has always

been one of the most desperate fields, among all the continents, for European armies.

Take the Boer War at the turning of the 20th century. The Boers were Dutch farmers in South Africa. They knew the country. They were expert marksmen. They were not organized. And they were small in numbers. The might of the British Lion descended on South Africa. Admittedly the British, alongside the Dutch, are perhaps the world's greatest colonizers. The British had had many years of colonial military experience as precedents upon which to proceed in South Africa. They had a great military machine, plenty of guns, plenty of munitions. Something of a parallel to Ethiopia and Italy, you say?

Yet, the Boers, with only 19,000 men still in the field, drew 400,000 British troops against them before they finally surrendered!

For many years the fanatical Mad Mullah of Somaliland thumbed his nose at the troops of Europe.

His reign of terror began 35 years ago. His real name was Mohammed bib Abdullah. He was a strict Moslem, gained a great reputation for sanctity, and eventually became so hypnotized by his own self-importance, that he announced he was the Mahdi, or Messiah, returned to earth.

His hatred for the British, French and Italians knew no bounds. Time and again he and his tribesmen raided territory of these three powers. Then in 1904, the British went after him in ear-

nest, slew a thousand of his men and drove him out of Crown territory.

Three years later he bobbed up again with a new army. This time the British had such respect for his trouble-making powers, that they decided to let him stay in the interior and leave him alone. But during the World War, the Mullah played the role of "bad man," so effectively that once again the British sent a large force of colonial troops after him. This expedition destroyed his forces, and chased him into Ethiopia, and there he died in 1921. But you will notice it took the British, the Italians and the French from 1904 to 1921 to effectively subdue him.

What of Ab-del-Krim, the famous warrior chief of the fierce Riffian tribes in northern Africa? Did he not run the French and the Spaniards, with their crack military machines, a merry dance? Did not French and Spanish planes go out to bomb his tribesmen, day after day and hit nothing but a few horsemen and blow much sand up into the air? Before the Riffians were subdued, did not a Spanish King get kicked off his throne?

In the World War, the British set out to capture German East Africa. They started jauntily and thought it would be a simple task. The highest officer of the German East African forces was only a Colonel—Col. Von Lettow Vorbeck. Yet before the British were able to say that German East Africa was theirs, they were compelled to use nineteen generals against one German colonel

and his numerically inferior native forces.

In the German East African campaign, every white man was a hospital casualty three times. Of the 20,000 South Africans who went in, 6,000 came out eight months later—and all their cavalry, every horse was dead. And Mussolini's generals reveal they are not relying on tanks and gas, but on infantry and cavalry!

Africa has a way of dealing with Europeans who tread among her jungles, who clamber rudely round her mountain tops.

Streams the night before may be raging floods the next morning. Seven days later, the same streams may be mud puddles. And the same may be said for water holes. Capt. William A. Anderson, the only American ever to gain a commission in the British army without first having to swear allegiance, due to the discovery of an old colonial law which absolved such requirements, and writer of several excellent books on East Africa, told the author that he drank water from just such mud holes, because of water shortage, and discovered bodies of dead natives in the slime beneath.

Malaria wreaks its havoc among Europeans, dysentery will decimate any force that must march—and Mussolini's men must march many hundreds of miles through Abyssinia, in scorching heat. And as they march they will be subject to attacks from intestinal parasites, the likes and kinds of which only Africa and her tropical regions can breed. Pests such as jiggers, bot-flies, tse-tse

flies, ticks and the ordinary disease carrying flies, will take their toll among the campaigning soldiery.

One may escape these things in peace time—but not in war. War is a time when a man is thrown on his own resources and he who has neither gumption, self-reliance nor an ability to shift for himself, is the one who goes under, never to come up again. A man may be wounded—in the leg, let us say. It may prevent him from walking. As he crawls, ants will swarm over him and he will die a death of horrible agony. A bullet is merciful—but the fiery gnawing of flesh-eating ants sends a man writhing, screaming, tortured into insanity, and then to oblivion.

An Indian soldier fell in one of the British African campaigns. When the natives found him he was dead—from starvation. The natives laughed, called him a stupid fellow. A British officer, astounded, asked why. The natives cast about them and returned with worms, reptiles, berries and said: "Here is food all around this man—and yet he starved." But foreign soldiers don't know these things—and they don't live on reptiles or worms—and they die—of starvation, often in Africa.

There are snakes, deadly scorpions whose bite can cause a man to lose his leg—and there are lepers in Abyssinia.

These are the armies of nature—and they are deadly. Combine them with the depressing effect of a climate which saps the strength of the

white man, throw in a dash of homesickness—and then perhaps one may understand very slightly how Africa can demoralize a young European soldier.

Yet upon the natives, these things have no effect. They are either immune to them or indifferent.

Great tales of horrors have come forth from both sides, to date. The propaganda press agents have been trying to outdo each other on atrocity stories—first the acid of the Italians to burn the Ethiopians' feet; then the lions Selassie is going to let loose on the Italians and sundry other nonsensical stories.

Lions fear men, except when hungry, cornered or surprised with young. And there isn't enough acid in the whole world to cover even a few of Ethiopia's valleys, let alone scatter hillmen and tribesmen and put them out of action.

Armored tanks are not going to race over a country similar to our own Colorado—yet far worse, where there are no roads, but there are tangled brush, forests and no means of keeping mechanical equipment in repair. Gas is good for trench warfare and large bodies of men, but not for native warriors scattered all over the landscape in small, swiftly-moving bands.

What can aviation do for Italy? It has one of the best equipped air corps in the world. Its fighting planes are among the fastest, and its bombing pilots among the best in the military business.

Its fighters and pursuit ships may play havoc by the old world war tactics of ground-straffing—diving upon detachments of troops moving across open ground and machine gunning them from 25 or 50 feet. But this can be done only in open country.

The country through which the Italians must campaign, if they are to take Addis Ababa, is mountainous, over and around which treacherous air currents flow. In addition, the mountains are in a tropical region, where the air currents, due to the great heat of the day, are more violent for a flier than they would be elsewhere.

The United States Marines wrote a brilliant aerial combat chapter in Nicaragua—another mountainous country with few landing places in cases of emergency. But didn't Sandino run the Marines ragged for three or four years, and in the end Sandino was murdered by one of his own men after the Marines had left the country!

When a bomber sets out on a mission, the pilot has a definite objective. What strongholds are there to bomb in Ethiopia? There are no industrial cities, railroad bridges, no established lines of communication, no munition dumps, water-works, shipping. After a flight of 500 or 600 miles at 10,000 feet—to clear mountains—the only targets the Italian bombers will have will be scattered mud huts usually hidden under trees!

If they destroy the one railroad, they will be doing a great service to the Ethiopians, because

they never wanted it in the first place. And in the second place, Italy would be destroying internationally-owned property and therefore would be called upon to indemnify those whose property her airmen destroyed.

Abyssinians, as a rule and according to past history, have not fought in large concentrations. Thus a bomb from the sky, scattering a few horsemen, will have as much effect as a football dropped on ten rabbits. There are thousands of rabbits still left to hop about.

But it is probable that the Italians will not use tanks or planes for an intensive mechanical or aerial warfare. They cannot—for Ethiopia is about the worst country in the world in which to try to demonstrate effectively the modern implements of war.

Instead, despite all the horrors and the heat of the great Danakil Depression on the north—and the vast waterless plains to the south of Italian Somaliland—it is without doubt that Mussolini's generals will push troops across these wastes, to the rim of the uplands 300 and 400 miles in the interior of Ethiopia. And the thrusts will probably be made simultaneously, to meet at Addis Ababa and squeeze the Ethiopians in a vice—the jaws of the vice extending north to Asmara, in Eritrea, and south to Mogadiscio. And cavalry and infantry will carry the brunt of the attack. The costs will be terrific. Men and horses will die like flies—but the die has been cast—and when a

Dictator says "March!" one marches! The cost will not be counted. Italy is out to stretch itself from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean—and the joining of Italian Somaliland to Eritrea, with Ethiopia as the connecting link, is just the beginning.

But what of the resistance the Ethiopians can give to these invaders of the House of Savoy?

To gain a key of some sort, one must go back to 1886 and the Battle of Adowa.

Africa was then being sliced up among the Powers—with Great Britain, as the strong man of the group, taking the juiciest slices; the French getting their piece, the Italians and the Germans and the Belgians getting the rest. Abyssinia, under this slicing-up, came under the Italian sphere of influence. Egypt backed out and France and England pocketed the Somalilands. King John of Abyssinia was killed in battle. Menelik took his place. The Italians thought this was a good opportunity. Menelik and the Italians signed the treaty to observe frontier lines, but the Italians decided to expand southward as well as assume a protectorate over Abyssinia. The French were not then on friendly terms with the Italians. Menelik raised an army of 100,000 Abyssinians and the French helped him. Italy walked into a trap at Adowa and was licked badly. Minor victories later wiped away some of the stigma of this defeat—but they didn't serve to stimulate the Italian people.

The troops were conscripts from Italy. The people back home objected to the slaughter of soldiers for the sake of building an African empire. So the Italians retreated, signed a new agreement and remained satisfied with Eritrea.

On the result of this one great battle, Ethiopia has built most of her military boasts. To a certain extent, it might be likened to a little boy, who suddenly landed a lucky punch on the jaw of the bully and knocked him cold, and ever after came to believe that he was invincible.

Much has been written about the Battle of Adowa and more has been said of it—but it is a dangerous precedent to go on to judge the relative military values of Ethiopian and Italian soldiers.

To begin with, the Italian command committed glaring tactical errors in driving pell-mell into a situation which even the greenest subaltern could see contained all the earmarks of almost certain defeat for the attacking troops.

Secondly, the war at that time had split public and political opinion back home in Rome—and the politicians were not lending the right support to the military.

Thirdly, the Italian high command was split wide open with petty jealousies. At the time the Battle of Adowa took place, the commanding general had received orders relieving him of his post and informing him that his successor was on his way out from the home country to assume com-

mand. The relieved general, bitter and infuriated, decided to try to achieve one spectacular victory in order to confound those who had taken his post from him. So he rushed his troops madly into Adowa and was slaughtered for his foolhardiness.

On the other hand, the Abyssinians have been unfairly maligned by a good many high military officers of the general staffs of the world, by being refused due credit for defeating the Italians at that time on their own merits. The truth is that a large number of Abyssinian warriors poured a most accurate and vicious rifle fire into the Italian ranks—and this was responsible chiefly for the European troops' initial confusion. Then came the hand to hand encounter, in which the demoralized Italians were put to rout.

And here rises the question of the Ethiopian equipment. They have only old rifles, of patterns discarded by the leading powers.

Their rifles are not standard—not one make throughout the Ethiopian army. Some are Mausers, some Springfields, some Lee-Enfields and so on. Many are new, more are old. And so the Ethiopians have a difficult ammunition supply problem. They must equip themselves with so many different types of cartridges as to cause confusion and delay.

But this has resulted in a peculiar condition. The tribesman who has a rifle, cares for it as though it were his most treasured possession. Then knowing, too, that it is hard for him to get am-



muniton, he shoots only when he is sure that his bullet is going to go exactly where he wants it to go. So, because of the shortage of ammunition, the Ethiopian rifleman has become an expert marksman, who doesn't waste what he has, and doesn't shoot wildly at every falling leaf or moving branch.

It was this kind of rifle fire the Italians ran into at Adowa and few military big-wigs have recognized the Ethiopians for this.

Pagan and Somali tribesmen are armed with long knives and spears. Arabs carry Damascus blades or knobby bludgeons, with which they wreak devastating havoc, if they can ever get close enough to their enemies to use them.

Only the Amharics may own guns. The shortage of arms in Abyssinia is a result of the control of this traffic exercised by Italy, France and England. Still every Amharic has one gun, and there are some 3,000,000 Amharics in the nation.

The fighting forces fall into three separate and distinct categories. First come the Emperor's household troops and bodyguard. These patrol the nation. Second comes the army of the native principals, numbering about 50,000. And lastly, come the small armies maintained by the *rasses*, or feudal chieftains.

As a soldier, the Ethiopian has courage bordering almost on the fanatical, and is as agile as a monkey.

He can cover ground at an amazing speed,

knows how to take advantage of every bit of scrub, boulder, or rise in the ground, shoots with deadly accuracy from each bit of cover and finally works near enough so that he can suddenly spring up and come to grips with the enemy. In a word, he is a wizard at guerilla warfare.

The Abyssinian warriors gather as the clans of the Scottish highlands gathered, only on a larger scale. At the first call, each local *shum*, living in a *tokhul*, like a peasant's cottage, gathers his fighters, each with his own weapons and enough food to sustain him as an individual, without any help from anyone else, for one month in the field. These small groups then report to their *rasses*, and these in turn assemble when and where the Emperor directs. Then, they move off across country, not as sluggish cumbersome armies, with heavy and vulnerable transport columns, but in small scattered groups.

Faced with all these difficulties and barriers of Nature, Italy can fight only one kind of a war—an engineer's war, combined with the ordinary old time military effort of infantry attack. The Italian engineers must build railways, bridges, water-works—all of them, of course, vulnerable lines of communication. Contact must be kept all the time between two divisions, at least—so that reinforcements may come at once, in the case of heavy attack. So roads will be essential.

The reason why Mussolini has waited, cold-blooded, unremitting, for the rains to cease before

launching his campaign is that Ethiopia can boast only of mule tracks, which simply bog down wheel traffic of any kind, no matter how light, in wet weather.

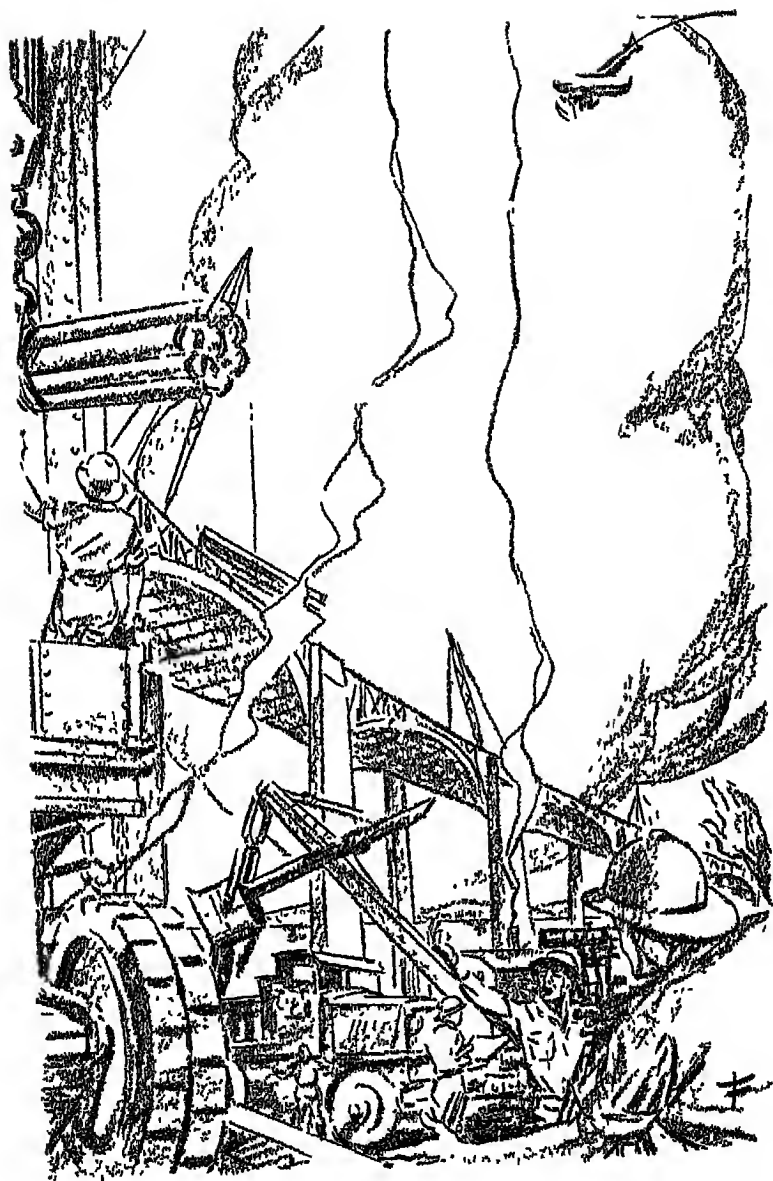
The fertile part of Abyssinia lies on the plateau 5,000 feet up from the lowlands and virtually the only valley which gives entry in a steady, easy slope, is the Hawash River valley, through which runs the Djibouti-Addis Ababa railroad, operated by France.

Round all other sides, the rise is steep and sudden. It places attacking forces at a disadvantage, wide open, as they try to scale the slopes, to the fire and the sallies of the defending forces, entrenched at the top.

Italy does already have a toehold at the very northern tip of this plateau, which extends into Eritrea. This way is criss-crossed by rivers, ravines and gorges. Here is where Italian engineering efforts will be taxed to the fullest, spanning bridges across these fissures in the earth's crust.

Like all tropical countries, while the days are steaming hot, the nights are genuinely cold, especially on the plateau. They are allies of fever and malaria—and as there is no cover of any kind—obviously protection will have to be supplied to the Italian troops by their engineers. Here again is one more reason why Italy faces a stupendous road building job, in her effort to conquer this ancient kingdom of Kush.

There are some military experts, for instance



Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn, KCB., DSO., retired, Royal Engineers of the British Army and an authority on Abyssinia, Egypt and the Sudan, who believe that if Italy campaigns slowly the first season, concentrates on annexing Harrar, Danakil and Ogaden provinces, it would be possible for the Italians to join together Eritrea and Somaliland and form one unbroken front along the east side of Ethiopia, from which to carry on operations the second season.

If, however, Italy launches attacks with Addis Ababa as the immediate objective, she undertakes a major operation and one that will come mighty close to, if not actually, bankrupting Italy.

But in this matter of objectives, Italy is on the fence. If she takes the aforementioned three provinces, she will have so much waste land on her hands. If she undertakes the major venture, how long can the pocketbooks of the Italian people stand the strain? Already British banks have withdrawn credit. Egyptian salesmen are demanding actual cash for anything that Italy buys. In some instances, Italy has not paid for things she bought as long ago as eight months. And British coal exporters are likewise refusing to ship coal to one of the most consistent and largest consumers, unless spot cash is laid on the line. Under these restricting conditions of credit can the Italian people carry on a major attempt at empire building?

Much has been written concerning the supposed fear of the British military authorities over their

interests at Lake Tana, in northern Abyssinia. The most common explanation given is that the English fear that if the waters of the Lake fall into Italian control—the fertile Sudan and the British cotton interests in the Nile valley to the north will be harmed.

This fear is overrated, for the rivers drain down from the mountains in a northerly and westerly direction, irrespective of what happens to the waters in Lake Tana. The majority of these rivers, dashing pell-mell, in white boiling foam, down the mountain sides, drain into the Blue Nile below the Lake and serve to augment that flow which does come from the Lake. The Ethiopians cannot use the water from the Lake. And, moreover, even if they could, they wouldn't have any use for it. The obvious customer is Great Britain and the Egyptians. If Italy ever did gain control of the lake waters, it isn't likely that Mussolini would jack up the price of water to the one and only customer he can get to use the water.

Thus to sum up:

Emperor Haile Selassie has few modern implements of war, and no highly trained military machine. Nature is his greatest ally, with all its terrors of pestilence, disease and rough terrain.

Italy has a mighty—but untrained, untested—military machine. Economic stress at home, and the rekindled fire of imperial conquest in the breast of the typical beardless Fascist youth, drive her on, regardless of the awful cost. Nature is her

worst enemy—not Selassie.

Italian victory will depend upon two things—how smart are her generals and commanders and secondly, how smart is Haile Selassie in his application of fighting tactics and generalship?

If the Black Emperor decides to carry his modernism into the field of war and attempt to fight Mussolini's men with modern tactics, the modern way with munition dumps, trench warfare and artillery duels, he will be handing his country to Il Duce on a silver platter. For he will be playing that modern military machine's game—the game which it understands and with which it knows how to cope. Bombers can bomb munition dumps. Italians have had experience in trench warfare in the World War. Abyssinian troops, ill-equipped, could offer puny resistance before they were wiped out, en masse.

If, however, Selassie is wise and smart enough to forget his modernism for the moment, let his tribesmen fight the best way they can—the only real way they know how to fight: a running, harrying, guerilla war—the military experts of many major powers figure that he can stand off Mussolini for two or three years, perhaps even longer. And in three years, who knows what may happen to Italian credit and Mussolini?

Give the tribesmen of Ethiopia good rifles, good standard ammunition and a plentiful supply of machine guns, and they will triple the work of the Italian army. They can raid lines of communica-

tion, harry transports, destroy bridges—in a word, carry on the type of warfare which was made so famous by that military genius, Lawrence of Arabia.

Lawrence seldom carried on warfare against men—but directed all the power of his attacks against the implements of man. He didn't waste time killing Turks. Instead he blew up railroad tracks, bombed trains, poisoned water, wrecked transports. His tactics stultified the Turkish campaign in Mesopotamia and freed the Arabs.

If Selassie is a smart enough man to take a leaf out of the late Col. Lawrence's book of military tactics as practised with tribal warriors, he might cause Mussolini to wish he had never heard of Abyssinia.

And so in answer to the question—Can Italy conquer Ethiopia?—yes, at a cost which might be so colossal in men, money and prestige as to become an empty and hollow victory of no benefit to the conqueror whatsoever.



V

Empires and Pawns

Benito Mussolini has discovered that he must have a colonial empire. If he doesn't, he realizes his own native land will explode, socially and economically. He looks about him and sees 350 Italians to the square mile in Italy. And he looks at Ethiopia and sees 30 people to the square mile. He looks at Italy again and discovers he has little raw material to feed his ever-hungry machines. He looks at Ethiopia and he sees great natural resources.

Its elevation on the plateau makes the cultivation of cotton and tobacco possible—much the same kind of crops that grow in South America will grow there—which, in time, will mean another competitor for South America, one more step in the restricting bands throttling the life out of the white man's civilization, one more step demanding tariffs, barriers and the strangling of trade.

There are silver, gold and copper deposits to be mined in Abyssinia. Standard Oil has already had geologists testing the ground for oil, and they have found the strong likelihood of subterranean pools of the black golconda, waiting only for civilized man to come along with his bits and

drills to pierce their remoteness and flood the world with fresh supplies—creating more competition.

Mussolini has looked about him and seen all this. He has noted that he cannot go elsewhere, because "elsewhere" is already parceled out among those who got there before Italy. Africa remains his only outlet. Abyssinia is the only independent state left. All the rest of Africa belongs to England, France, Belgium, Germany, Spain, Holland. And it must be now or never for the building of an Italian empire.

The Roman dictator declares that this is only a colonial problem and demands to know why England or some other nation should butt into something which is purely a local affair between Ethiopia and Italy. He cites the tactics of the British in carving for their exclusive use an eighth of the world's surface and then denounces the British for denouncing him for doing the same thing.

Technically, yes, Mussolini is repeating colonial history. But he fails to explain that Time makes the difference in actuality. The British, the Germans and the French carved out their colonial empires long, long ago—when civilization of the white man was not so intense. Then there were pieces of land to take without upsetting the economic apple-cart. There was no fear of treading on friendly or enemy toes.

And through the years, the slow but systematic



development of their colonial empires by these great Powers gradually quickened the intensity of the White Man's effort to live. Their development sharpened the economic difficulties. The more they were exploited, the more they were colonized, faster and faster grew the race of trade and commerce, the interchange of goods and services, by which the white civilization lives.

It has grown so intense, that now the slightest little upset will cause reverberations round the world. And so the man who sets out to carve himself a brand new colonial empire today, appears in the role of a newcomer—a latecomer to a party, let us say, when the bowl is empty and the punch nearly gone. And being driven by thirst which he cannot control, he snatches at a cup, standing by itself, on the table. But before he can gulp down its contents, his hand is seized. "Excuse me," says a voice, "that is mine, I believe." The thirst-maddened one struggles—and the butler and the flunkies either throw him out, or if he be strong enough, he smacks down his opponents and drinks from the disputed cup.

The punch bowl of land on the world's surface is about empty. Just a drop remains in the bottom—a drop in the northeast corner of Africa. A latecomer among empire builders, and thirsting as well, Mussolini stretches out his hand to drain the bowl—but other hands are laid upon him and words of warning sound in his ear.

All is ready. The powder has been laid—the

fuse has been extended. All that is needed is a match. It may be an accidental match, or it may be a deliberately applied match. No matter either way it is the incident itself which counts.

There was a roar of indignation in Rome. Ethiopia has done virtually everything it can to make amends. Selassie has done far more to atone to Mussolini than almost any other national leader would have done. But Il Duce flicked him aside with hardly a glance. The incident was at hand. It gave him the opportunity. It was now or never for an Italian colonial empire.

When he declares that there is no really responsible government in Abyssinia—one which can control all tribes and can prevent border raids, cattle stealing, slave running—he is technically right. Selassie has been on the throne only little more than ten years and, enlightened and modern ruler though he be, still one cannot change in a decade the habits of 5,000 years!

The Ethiopian tribesmen have made hundreds of raids across the frontiers into neighboring territory. Particularly have they swarmed into British territory in the Sudan and Kenya. But it is equally true that the British have not suddenly sent 250,000 troops to the border of Uganda and said to Selassie: "We are going to destroy you and yours."

Danakil tribesmen raced down from their desert remoteness and crossed into French Somaliland this year. They burned and pillaged, raped and

murdered. In their mad course, they came upon a French colonial blockhouse. Inside were less than twenty French soldiers, under a young French lieutenant. The tribesmen charged to the assault. Rifle fire mowed them down. Again and again they returned to the attack and again and again they were repulsed. Eventually, the Frenchmen's ammunition was exhausted. The Danakil tribesmen swarmed over the gallant little band of soldiers and murdered every one.

There was a shout of rage in Paris. The incident was equally as serious as the Ual-Ual incident with Italian soldiers. The French protested to Selassie. The Emperor sent out his own army. It recaptured the machine guns taken from the French, returned with two old chiefs, who confessed their guilt and paid the penalty by being hanged. No French mobilization was ordered to go to war with Ethiopia to bring it "civilization."

Thus England and France suffered from uncontrolled Ethiopian tribesmen, as did the Italians. But there are not now three armies encamped at the Ethiopian doors. Only one.

The reason is that Great Britain and France do not want any more territory. Italy does.

Eritrea is a rich possession—at least that part of it which is on the high tableland which extends southward through the heart of Ethiopia, and at the other end of which stands Addis Ababa.

Asmara is the capital of Eritrea. Yet there are few Italian colonists in Asmara, and there are few

native farmers on the rich tableland surrounding the city. They have been wiped away, bit by bit, by the successive wars fought in the region. So Il Duce declares to the world that he must protect this region from marauding bands of tribesmen and make it safe for Italian colonies. But he will protect them only by pushing the Italian frontier to the edges of British Uganda, Kenya and the Egyptian Sudan, and linking Eritrea and Somaliland.

How is it that England, the greatest of all colonizers in Africa, did not take Ethiopia long ago? Why was England content to stretch the line of crimson on the map of Africa from Cairo to Cape Town, merely through Uganda and Kenya? If this was and is such a fertile spot—as Ethiopia really is on its great plateau—how could the English pass it up when they were carving up Africa for themselves?

For answer one must go back to the principles upon which the imperial powers based their empire building. The honest reason, of course, was simply possession. But the outward reason, the explanation given to the world, was the spread of Christianity. Here were all these parts of the world peopled by pagan tribes, who worshipped wooden or golden images, who practised witchcraft, sorcery and all the rest of the rigamarole which went with a savage life.

But when it came to Abyssinia, it was embarrassing. Nobody could say he was bent on

bringing Christianity to Ethiopia, because the Abyssinians had been Christians long before these conquering nations were born. Abyssinia actually was England's for the taking, upon one occasion. To the youth of today, this war is the Forgotten War of Africa. There is a British peerage which still holds its title commemorative of this exploit—the present Baron Napier of Magdala. His father was the General Sir Robert Napier, who defeated Emperor Theodore in 1868. Magdala was the Emperor's stronghold. The unanswered letter from Theodore to Queen Victoria caused him to fling the British Consul and his suite into jail. The British, after having been turned down cold many times in their requests that the emperor release the consul, reluctantly sent the expedition to punish Theodore.

Sir Robert Napier headed 30,000 British and colonial troops. Magdala was half way between the old capital Gondar and the present capital, Addis Ababa. It was a natural stronghold—a great plateau, three quarters of a mile long, and rising a thousand feet above the surrounding country.

There being no roads, the British were faced with colossal transportation problems, the same kind of thing the Italians now face. So the British used elephants, camels, horses, mules and asses. At times this huge force of men had to move in single-file, winding in and out like a living serpent. through the mountains. At any place, a mere

handful of natives could have thrown the advancing army into confusion—but strangely enough, the British met no opposition.

But the British, always immensely cunning and clever at making friends, presented tokens and spoke kind words to all the local chiefs as they passed through their bailiwicks. The chiefs were flattered and if they had ever had any disposition to take Theodore's part, it was quickly dissipated by the British generosity and whispered words of friendship.

The troops of the emperor didn't wait for the British to storm the sides of the plateau. They streamed down the hillsides, screaming war cries, brandishing spears. Their artillery fired aimlessly into the air. The British waited and then coolly opened fire with rocket guns and soon the plain was strewn with dead and dying blacks. The rest broke and fled.

Theodore asked an armistice. The British dictated the terms. The emperor turned them down and the British stormed the plateau. The fortress fell in no time and Theodore stabbed himself to death. For this Sir Robert was granted a peerage by Queen Victoria and Disraeli pronounced in the House of Commons that famous eulogy:

"He led the elephants of Asia, bearing the artillery of Europe, over African passes which might have startled the trapper and appalled the hunter of the Alps. He had to scale a mountain fortress, of which the intrinsic strength was such

that it may be fairly said it would have been impregnable to the whole world had it been defended by the man by whom it was assailed. But all these obstacles and dangers were overcome by Sir Robert Napier and that came to pass which ten years ago none of us could have imagined in his dreams—the standard of St. George was hoisted on the mountains of Raselas.”

But when the shouting and the praising all died away, and cooler and saner thoughts prevailed, St. George suddenly decided that he didn't want his standard to remain flying on the mountains of Ethiopia. That it was likely to be too unhealthy. That a protectorate would soon embroil England in international complications. France and Italy were already entrenched on the northern and southern sides of Ethiopia, with Eritrea and their Somalilands. It would have been very nice for the British to have controlled the waters of Lake Tana, which feed into the Blue Nile, as well as the waters of all the other streams which race down the mountain sides toward the Sudan—it would have insured forever irrigation for that valuable ground on which Egypt grows her cotton—the cotton which is now competing with American cotton and which has captured many of the world markets relinquished by the southerners of Texas and Louisiana in exchange for New Deal crop reduction schemes.

But despite this enticement, the British authorities, with wise and long heads, decided to retire

from Ethiopia, rather than begin an endless, perhaps expensive and fruitless argument with other powers as to who should control this ancient Biblical kingdom. So the British signed treaties with the other nations to the effect that each would respect the rights of others in regard to Abyssinia.

What happened was that the three great powers, England, France and Italy, after staking out claims all around Ethiopia, finally reached the point where none could afford to connive at the expansion of the others without detriment to his own interests. So they proceeded to guarantee the integrity and independence of Ethiopia by the tripartite agreement of December, 1906, and more or less reiterated in 1930.

So, first being unable to produce the "teaching Christianity" excuse, and second, deciding that Ethiopia was a little too much of a handful to hold, even though it had fallen into her lap, England remained satisfied to run the crimson line of British conquest through Uganda and Kenya, leaving Ethiopia independent and a sovereign state.

But this time, Ethiopian independence is doomed to disappear. This time it is the economic pressure of the white man's civilization which has forced its feud upon a world, weary of war and anxious only to win back prosperity from the depths of an economic depression started from the very same sources.

And few people fully realize the enormous com-

plexities, the staggering implications, which are wrapped up in this coming African struggle. They threaten empires and they involve that intimate volatile factor known as color. Civilizations may crumble and disappear, and new eras may be born to take their place. Not immediately, of course. Not tomorrow, nor next month nor next year. But in the future. And what is beginning in Africa is one more step in that direction.

What happens to Abyssinia is beside the point, when looking at the great, broad aspects of this Frankenstein of modern civilization. Abyssinia is but an incident. She will disappear like all weak nations disappear, when strong nations covet them.

To find the answer to African invasion—one must look to Africa itself, then Europe and finally Asia. All these inter-European struggles—Hitler, Austria, the Balkan agitation against realignment, French and German suspicions—they are not of European origin. Do you study America by inspecting Washington? Go to Washington and you will find Washingtonians appallingly ignorant of what transpires in the outside domestic world. Neither, then, can one find the solution of Europe's troubles by studying Europe. Look to Africa and to Asia and you find the key.

For a moment look at Asia. Asia—let us be specific and say Japan and China—has been taught the industrialized ways of the occidental world, by us, the occidentals. When Admiral Peary forced his way into the harbor of Yoka-

homa, and said to the Japanese Emperor, "Open up your ports to America, or I'll blow you to kingdom come," he thought he was doing the world a great service. Instead, he hammered another huge nail into the coffin of the Western World's dominance.

Japan opened up and learned occidental ways. And she became an apt pupil. The yellow man soon adopted the western world's materialistic ways of doing things, but applied them to his particular sphere, with Asiatic or Oriental reasoning. And the western mind can never understand the eastern. "East is east, and west is west, and ne'er the twain shall meet," wrote Kipling and one wonders if this great Englishman, who knew his colonies, had not a suspicion of what was coming far, far in the future.

Japan's present aim is solely the Orient, in its own sphere of influence. The western world's great aim at present is not to take more land (of course, excepting Italy), but to defend that land which it already possesses in Asia against the encroachments of an occidentally-taught, but Oriental-thinking Japan. And despite the western world's best efforts to date, the open door of Asia is slowly closing. Inch by inch, it is getting closer to the time when the latch will click and the bolt will rattle home—and the yellow man will have thrust the white man out of Asia, from his position of commercial and social dominance.

Here is one door closing. Another door is

already closed. That is the door to the United States. Up until the World War, America was a debtor nation. The war turned her over night into a creditor nation, and this giddy transformation has proven too much for United States diplomacy. It left no time to catch the breath, or find the feet. In addition, there are no great families, really, who have gone down through the ages of American history, with the game of diplomacy as their calling. We have no Churchill families, no Chamberlain dynasties—steeped in the wiles and guiles of statecraft. Our system of government calls for the taking of a man out of private life and suddenly thrusting him for four or eight years, into the seat of Secretary of State, where he must assume the responsibility of driving the nation of America along the highway of international relationships safely and without collision.

Still, we are a creditor nation and so the goods that Europe unloaded in America before the war, are now faced with competition from a super-intense American civilization. Thus two doors become closed—Asia, almost shut—and America, completely shut.

So Africa is the only place left for empire builders. And it has come last on the list because of its climate, its tropical vastnesses, its heat—all hardships which the white man must endure if he is to extract from that great continent what he has taken from other territories.

Abyssinia, therefore, becomes the observation

post from which to scan pre-World-War history, post-war history, and what may happen in the future.

Italy wanted larger portions of Africa prior to the World War—particularly Abyssinia and Tunis—but she received the cold shoulder from England and France who were, after all, first class military and naval powers. Italy was second class before the war. So, in the jockeying back and forth before August, 1914, Italy, piqued and irritated, lined up with Germany and Austria-Hungary, and thus grew the famous Triple Entente. In retaliation England, France, Russia and the others formed the Entente Cordiale.

Backing up the Triple Entente was an agreement between Germany and Italy that they would both promptly attack France, if the latter should endeavor to expand its territory in Northern Africa. This was mutually satisfactory, for though Germany also had her African Colonies, far below the equatorial line, they were not near enough to home to suit the German high command.

Now here is where the old adage about history repeating itself, is endorsed so definitely. That part of the Triple Entente which linked Italy with Austria-Hungary was all out of reason. Neither country could be considered willing or natural bedfellows in any sense of the word. Their outlooks were different, their economics different, their political aims wide apart, and Italy had not long before captured Venice from Austria-Hun-

gary; hardly an act conducive to harmony.

England and France were Italy's natural allies. The British supplied them coal and the French could easily march across their southern frontiers into Northern Italy. And besides, both France and England maintained large fleets in the Mediterranean. Yet here she was turning down her natural allies and teaming up with Austria and Germany. It was humiliating. Many an Italian spoke of it with regret just prior to the commencement of the World War.

The explanation was that France and England would give Italy no satisfaction as to the division of the African "swag," and Italy, knowing Germany felt much the same way about acquisition of territory on the dark continent, was obliged to climb into bed with the hated Austria-Hungary, as the price of German support.

And history is strangely repeating itself today. Once again, Italy is lined on the side of the Austrians. This time because Austria serves the useful purpose of providing a buffer between herself and the unreliable, doubtful Adolph Hitler in Berlin. This time, though, it is France who is tacitly, for the present, looking the other way, and Great Britain now is the one to be reckoned with. It is British interests which are threatened with the Italian conquest of Abyssinia, and therefore so long as France and England can be kept apart, and Austria kept antagonistic to an *anchluss* with Germany, Mussolini feels fairly free to proceed in

Africa; to woo the Dark Continent undisturbed.

To return to the pre-war years. The French alienated Italian sentiments even more by assisting the Ethiopians at Adowa in 1896. The gulf between the two groups in Europe grew wider. Germany became more powerful and did her best to hamper the building of the French colonial empire, concocting one incident after another. Finally, a fanatic put a bullet into the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria—and the blood spurted to engulf all Europe, and many parts of the world for five gory, horrible years.

The trenches which spanned their jagged pattern across northern France; the gallant colonial troops of the British Empire who went to unnecessary deaths in one of the greatest blunders of the world war, Gallipoli; the rows of little white crosses which mark in Flanders Field the eternal resting place of doughboys from the United States, had their origin in the bickering of the great powers over the spoils of Africa.

When the war actually began, the Triple Entente blew up. Its very illegitimacy couldn't stand the test. Italy would have been destroyed by France and Britain had she been on the Teutonic side in the World War. So she switched over to the Allied side and waged war against her bedfellows of the night before, not because she liked the Allies, but for what she calculated she could get out of them.

War ended. Victorious nations began chop-

ping up erstwhile enemies. Italy got her slices—but in amongst her share of the booty was not a mile, nor even a yard, which looked or smelled like Africa. And so, the old arguments and bickerings began all over again. It was not many years after the war closed that France and Italy were snarling viciously at each other over Africa. A virulent and violent young newspaper editor suddenly slammed down his copy pencil in Milan, marched into Rome at the head of a band of youthful hotheads, and proceeded to announce he was the kingpin in Italy from then on. And the African argument between France and Italy offered newly-appeared Dictator Benito Mussolini the opportunity to do some fancy sword rattling and generally set the teeth of Europe chattering with fright, for fear the World War would suddenly break out anew—this time among the Allies. It was not a pleasant spectacle—not unlike a group of victorious bullies getting ready to fight one another over the division of the booty.

But economic pressure, monetary difficulties, and divided social and political councils, together with general discontent engendered by these factors, reared their ugly heads in Germany. Riding on the crest of the wave of ill feeling came Adolf Hitler. And his shadow suddenly fell across the Rhine and his swastika waved enticingly toward Vienna. It so startled the bickering French and Italians that they forgot their own controversies, to unite and combat this new and greater menace

which threatened the frontiers of both.

The haste with which France and Italy fell into each others' arms was almost indecent. The diplomats journeyed back and forth between the capitals. Conferences were many and pleasant. Foreign Minister Laval and Dictator Mussolini became bosom pals and no one, seeing the two together for the first time, could ever conceive that but a few short years before, their nations had been hurling angry diplomatic epithets at one another across the Alps, to the accompaniment of a duet of sword rattling and jingoism.

Africa was the cause for this sudden love fest.

The difficulties Italy had experienced with Tunis, which was and is under a French protectorate, although there are more Italians there than Frenchmen, had been ironed out. And if anything else should occur in Africa—say, an Italian Military "expedition" to punish Ethiopians for border raids,—well, of course, France could conveniently turn her back and pretend not to see. Thus the rise of Hitler brought about many changes in the European picture!

Mussolini played his post-war cards well. He knew that the time must soon come when some new outlet in Africa had to be provided for the teeming millions of Italy's population. The great powers were already glutted with territory on that continent. Abyssinia was the logical place to go. It would not be hard to create incidents.

The French had been lined up neatly. There

was England. England was well aware that Italy had to have an outlet. And the English realized they held a tremendous amount of African territory. The French were in the same category. But, there was, on the other hand, Germany. She, like Italy, wanted her African colonies back. She had been decimated economically by the World War. Now she was living on *ersatz*; she had no credit left to buy the raw materials she needed, and colonies would fill those precious wants. So in this respect the German and the Italian aims were identical.

But, reasoned Mussolini, Germany was battered down by the war. She was in no financial or economic condition to offer the kind of a price the Allies could offer. He well knew the Allies feared Hitler. The French forever saw the bogey leering over the Rhine. And the British were scared to death, not only of possible air raids from across the Rhine, but also of any drive by Germany to retrench herself in her former African colonies.

So Italy drove the bargain with her World War Allies—would they look the other way if she took Abyssinia, in exchange for her support against Hitler and his Austrian inclinations? Nods were given.

But the British, after thinking things over, began to get "cold feet." After all, they reasoned, Mussolini was a volatile individual. He was not much more reliable than Hitler. And the British recognized that when any nation is bitten by the bug

of empire building—things are likely to get out of control. What was to prevent Mussolini from suddenly imagining himself the reincarnation of the ancient Roman Caesars and believing himself an all-powerful super-man, set out to absorb not only some small portion of Ethiopia, but parts of the British Empire as well? The more the British thought about it, the less they liked the looks of things.

In their haste and anxiety to conciliate the rampant Reich at anyone's expense but their own, the British over-played their hand badly, alienated the French by the naval agreement concluded between London and Berlin and Mussolini got what he wanted.

The club that Mussolini holds—pure and unadulterated international blackmail—is that if the British and the French join hands to take drastic military action against him, he promptly refuses to support them against whatever move the Nazi dictator may make in Austria.

And thus Abyssinia is the key. The flames may break out in Africa—or they may break out in Europe. But once again, Africa has been the factor which has caused realignment in Europe.

* * * *

Italy is on the march now because the time is ripe and because of fear. The ripeness of the time is engendered because the two strongest of the European World War Allies, France and Eng-

land, are temporarily estranged. This breaks the united front against Germany, and Il Duce juggles dynamite in both hands, as he plays himself and his army off against first one then the other, to gain his African empire.

Secondly, there is the fear that someone else may get there before he can raise the Italian standard over the mountains in Addis Ababa. Perhaps Germany—perhaps Japan. Germany is not sending armies to Africa, but using other forces to turn on the economic thumb screws. Concessions are being sought in Abyssinia. Japan already has concessions and the treaty agreed upon between Addis Ababa and Tokio, to permit Japanese immigrants to settle on the fertile plateau of this ancient kingdom, inter-marry with natives, plot themselves out farms and lend a helping hand in general to the development of the country, alarms the Italian high command no little. For this was rank favoritism on the part of the Emperor. Italians and other Europeans are barred as colonists. Much of the fresh supplies of arms and munitions which have gone into Ethiopia have come from Japanese sources, not to mention Belgium although officials naturally deny this vehemently.

Neither Germany nor Japan wishes to see Italy, France or England dominant in Ethiopia. Japan comes with open friendly hands. And German salesmen high-pressure the Ethiopian leaders. Even Russia once thought that Africa made good breeding ground for Communist doctrines—that

this great continent might be turned into the second great socialist continent of the world. A communist trade mission showed up in Addis Ababa. Agents of other powers already on the scene, quietly told Haile Selassie that the seeds of communism were being sewn among his people by the Soviet "trade commission." The Russians were gently escorted to the railroad station and told to beat it. They did.

The emissaries of the world flock to Ethiopia and this Africa kingdom has become the pivot on which will turn the next era of the world's history.

While the rival powers were jealous of each other, and thwarted each other, when any one of their number showed serious designs on the nation, Ethiopia's independence was assured. The situation might be illustrated with a homely parallel.

When the author was in Mexico, after the war, working in the oil fields, the camp maintained in the fields was surrounded by a high wire fencing. Inside the fencing were many pets: two wild pigs, three deer, two possums and a half-dozen dogs. Almost every night, after coming from the mess hall, the author would bring from the table the proverbial piece of cake which always went with the equally proverbial ice cream.

The conglomeration of pets would be summoned. The piece of cake would be placed on the ground. The pets would gather round the cake in a circle. And for sometimes half an hour, that cake would never be touched. If a pig moved toward it, the

dogs growled, the deer lowered their heads and scraped the ground with their forefeet, and the possums' hair would bristle along their backs. If a deer moved, the rest of the circle would register displeasure. And so the tableau would remain—the cake untouched and not one animal daring to touch it, for fear the other animals would set upon him. Only when the author took the cake and divided it, would the tension be broken.

Substitute Ethiopia for the cake, and the great powers for the animals and you have the exact same picture, enacted by human beings—sometimes, one fears, not so very far removed from the four-footed beings of the earth!

Throughout the history of Ethiopia and northern Africa since the World War, French diplomacy has been vacillating, partly because of jealousies and partly because of British advice. The real time for Mussolini to have approached Ethiopia was ten or a dozen years ago. There would have been no occasion for sword rattling. Concessions would have been obtained peacefully and quiet co-operation extended Rome by the Emperor of Ethiopia.

But every time there was any sign of this happening, the French undermined Italian gestures. They worked quietly and effectively on the Emperor. And so a special hate for Italy was fostered in Abyssinia. Then along came Hitler onto the European horizon. The old Germany, maimed and slashed to an economic nonentity by the Ver-

sailles agreements, collapsed. The French became alarmed. The sudden courtship of Italy followed with undignified haste.

French objection to Italy's designs on Ethiopia were withdrawn. Mussolini found an incident and the troops began marching. Originally, there is no doubt, he did not intend war. No man who really means to fight, gets on the mountain top and blusters and bellows to the world what he's going to do. It was all aimed in two directions—domestic Italy and Ethiopia.

Italians were supposed to cheer "Viva Duce!" with much fervor, and the Abyssinians were supposed to flee to the forests and quake with fear.

But the 1929 economic crisis built up so fast and so suddenly and Mussolini's bullying became so blatant, that eventually he discovered he had a bear by the tail and couldn't let go. Instead of scaring the Ethiopians, he roused their fury and a fanatical determination to resist his armies at all costs. Instead of proceeding quietly and with cunning, his bellicosity has alarmed his friends in Europe. And he has prophesied so much, that his own people have had their expectations aroused to a boiling point.

Now Great Britain has suddenly been forced to the conclusion that Mussolini has talked himself into believing that he is the living reincarnation of Julius Caesar; that he will not be content with Ethiopia—but will seek to extend his empire from Libya, with its coastline on the Mediterra-

nean, right across Egypt to Ethiopia, Italian Somaliland, and the Indian Ocean.

Thus, with the snap of the fingers, presto!—a second class row assumes all the making of a first class war, with the possibilities of the world going up in flames for the second time in a quarter of a century.

British naval vessels steam to the Suez Canal. Troop reinforcements are sent to the British Mediterranean naval base at Malta. Troops are strengthened in their garrisons in Egypt. A British cruiser drops her hook in the harbor at Aden, directly across the Bay from Djibouti, in French Somaliland.

John Bull does not rush blindly into these ominous preparations. He has been more friendly to Mussolini than he has been otherwise in the past. Nor does the British public take kindly to the notion that it may be plunged into another war, at the very time when England seems to show signs of economic progress and recovery from the devastating effects of the last war.

What, then, is the trouble? It is the sudden realization that Mussolini may, in his madness, endanger the whole British Empire.

The British policy of playing off one nation against another down through the ages, when it has come to Africa, has been dictated by the fact that the connecting link running from Gibraltar, through the Mediterranean Sea, to Suez, through the Canal, down the Red Sea and out into the In-

dian Ocean, is the life line that connects the mother country with her far flung empire. Anyone able to dominate that connecting link would be in a position to reduce, over night, Great Britain from her position of one of the mightiest nations on earth, to the inferior position of a second or even third rate power. With this connecting link gone, from Gibraltar to Aden, Great Britain would be as powerless as was Samson when the treacherous Delilah snipped the hair from his head.

It is clear that Italy cannot pocket, or having pocketed, hope to hold Ethiopia, without first having full control of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, through the power of her navy and air force. The British fear that Mussolini aims to supplant the power of the Royal Navy in these waters and so become the dictator of Great Britain's empire life line. And such a thought simply horrifies London. Not a single Englishman wants war—but all Englishmen are very loyal when they believe that their Empire is threatened.

London also realizes that the stronger Mussolini grows in naval power, the more French friendship for Great Britain will be alienated and drawn over the Italian side of the fence. For France also has an African colonial empire and it is obvious diplomacy to play ball with the strongest naval power sailing in the vicinity of your territory. Heretofore, at all times, the British Royal Navy has ploughed majestically through the seven seas. Britannia has ruled the waves since

time immemorial. The Mediterranean has been one of the seven seas and the French therefore have sailed complacently and happily in the wake of His Britannic Majesty's battleships. But if Italy should become the supreme naval authority in the Mediterranean, the French will sail just as serenely in the wake of Il Duce's battleships.

If this should happen, England would suddenly find herself on the wrong side of the fence. Isolated, toppled from traditional perch occupied jointly with America, as one of the two great leaders of the civilized world, she would stir through the bitter ashes of diplomatic defeat and find, left to her, only a paltry little naval agreement with the unreliable Hitler. And this would amount to not more than the value of the paper on which it is written, because England would no longer be mistress of the seas and Hitler would no longer feel compelled to kowtow to London naval orders. In a word, if she were suddenly to lose naval control of the Mediterranean, England, overnight, would tumble from the top of the ladder to the bottom and the might and majesty of the British Empire would be no more.

Talk of closing the Suez Canal by the British has been glib. Yet it is not so simple a matter as all that.

To begin with the Canal is operated by a private Egyptian company—and Great Britain holds merely a minority of the stock. And even this holding, which expires in 1968, is based upon a

concession granted the British by the Egyptian government.

Secondly the Constantinople convention of 1888 provides that the canal shall "always be free and open in time of war, as in time of peace, to every vessel of commerce or war without distinction as to flag." Also the problem of defending the canal is a joint responsibility of all European nations.

In 1914, the British set up a unilateral protectorate over Egypt and closed the canal to German, Austrian and Turkish warships and merchantmen. But this protectorate ended in 1922.

Egypt has territorial sovereignty over the Canal, but is not a member of the League of Nations. And finally, Egypt has no treaty with the English recognizing the British claim of sole right to defend the canal.

These difficulties give rise to this situation. Suppose England did close the Canal. Italy would promptly throw the case before the World Court—and there is an American member of the court, Ex-Secretary of State Kellogg.

Italy would demand that the Court determine the validity of the 1888 convention; demand to know whether the League of Nations covenant superseded this convention; and finally demand a reviewing of England's relationships with Egypt. It would be most embarrassing for the English if this happened, for it would place them in the position of insisting that Italy accept an international settlement of the Ethiopian problem, while at the

same time refusing to permit anyone to question her own right of being exclusive proprietor of all things Egyptian. It might lead to the throwing open in heated debate, of the whole question of international canals.

Great Britain is not likely to close the Suez Canal, except as a very last resort, or in the event that either her own ships or her own territory are subjected to an Italian attack.

This may explain the activities of John Bull north, and south of Suez. He does not admit his diplomacy is bankrupt by any means. True, the French position is a bitter pill. It means that preparations to safeguard the Empire against any sudden attempt on the part of Il Duce to carve from it a slice for himself, must be taken by himself alone.

But, in the meantime no stone will be left unturned to permit the British to hold control of that thin red line from Gibraltar to Aden, and at the same time gain for Mussolini from Ethiopia enough concessions to satisfy Il Duce and keep him in the role of a secondary naval power along this vital route.

If this fails and it comes to war between England and Italy, then Great Britain will utilize the League of Nations to bestir world sentiment to the British side. Few diplomats believe that either Rome or London is bluffing. Italy herself is worried by the London attitude and is beginning to feel that this sudden, new menace is more threaten-

ing than anything that may happen in Abyssinia.

And yet Mussolini is now in a position where he is utterly unable to turn back.

His case may be summarized thusly:

He must have an outlet for his excess population—40 million people in a country one third the size of Ethiopia.

He must have raw materials—which to date he has been buying from abroad, thereby creating an ever-increasing unfavorable trade balance.

He must do something to relieve the unemployment conditions prevailing in Italy.

His financial position is weak—he has already made levies on private capital.

A foreign campaign will divert attention from these things.

A victory would make him a first class power.

A victory would perpetuate his personal power a little longer.

The case *against* him may be summarized briefly:

Ethiopia will take a long time to conquer and to reduce to a state where colonization on any scale large enough to cut down the population at home in Italy is practical.

A war will be pitifully expensive and many doubt the ability of Mussolini's finances to withstand any long drain on them.

Years must pass before Italians can really accustom themselves to the strength-sapping tropical climate found in many many parts of Abyssinia, and what Il Duce needs is quick relief.

No development of Abyssinia's mineral resources has ever been attempted on a large scale—and again this would take time, money and equipment—and would Mussolini have these last two things at the close of an expensive war?

In the supposition that Italy did emerge victorious—still the bills would have to be paid just the same and the country would be sick of war—for all countries shout for war when the drums beat, the bugles blow and the girls wave pretty white handkerchiefs to departing sweethearts—but when the casualty lists are printed and the wounded, the forever-maimed and the dying return home, every nation sickens of war. In the event, then, that Italy, though victorious, might be tired of war, would she be in any physical or financial condition to stave off a Teutonic invasion of Austria, or to go one step further—stop any German advance through the Alps into Italy?

Probably not. One wonders what passes through the Hitler mind. For there is yet another implication given little publicity to date.

Mussolini's bellicosity has at times sounded very sure, very certain. His general attitude has been one of supreme confidence regarding his Ethiopian venture, as though he knew, but the world didn't know, that he had nothing to worry about from other quarters, while he was engaged in his colonial war.

It might be that history is repeating itself behind the scenes even more faithfully than appears

on the surface of international diplomacy.

For on August 28, 1935, Germany and Austria declared a truce in the "press war" that has been going on for months between them. Berlin Ambassador Franz von Papen protested to the Austrian authorities the hostile attitude of the Austrian press. Whereupon, he was informed that the press of Germany was equally hostile to Vienna. A truce was declared and more friendly relations established.

Behind this came strong rumors that secret negotiations were under way to establish a non-aggression pact between Germany and Austria, and the reason was ascribed to Italy's Ethiopian venture.

Mussolini is good enough soldier and leader to well realize that a costly war in Africa would exhaust him and lay him wide open to defeat should any German army fight its way through the Brenner Pass.

So is it unreasonable or illogical to suspect that there may be some secret understanding between Mussolini and Hitler to the effect that, if the Reichsfuhrer maintains a hands-off policy in Austria, while Mussolini is conquering Abyssinia—Il Duce, will, in turn, throw all his support to Hitler to aid the latter not only in naval matters, but, more threatening still, in the restoration of German East and Southwest Africa to the German Empire?

This would mean throwing out the British protectorate over Tanganyika, and restoring Germany

to her "place in the sun" in Africa, something which the British authorities will simply refuse to countenance.

Italy alone threatening the Mediterranean link of the British Empire is serious enough. But an Italo-German combine to break the British hold on Africa would mean certain war.

It may be fear of this or even pre-knowledge that such an understanding does exist between Berlin and Rome which accounts for the sudden and startling military and naval movements ordered by the Imperial Defense Committee of the British Empire.

It may be also this understanding which has lent such seeming outward confidence to Mussolini; to the tenor of his defiant remarks which led him to shout at Great Britain in chilling manner: "Sanctions mean war!" Few nations would so defy Great Britain, unless they were well satisfied that they had their rearguard well covered.

And so ambition, with all its attendant greed, has fastened its tentacles upon this modern would-be Julius Caesar.

When ambition suddenly seizes a world leader, it is a disease which, if it is to be furthered by blood and bullets, leads only along the path of destruction. It can lead nowhere else in this modern day. True, it did not always in the years past. But then the world was not so thickly populated and civilization not so intense nor the economy of the universe so maddeningly intertwined and intricate.

Ambition, combined with the inevitable pressure of economic forces, thrusts Mussolini on and on. Ambition has been the downfall of many a great dictator or emperor. History is alive with the accounts of their rise to power. And history is likewise strewn with their collapses.

The steam generated by the pressure of civilization has raised three ugly lumps upon the earth's surface. One is Italy; one is Germany and the third is Japan. And nothing can prevent the pressure from bursting through one of these three lumps on the earth's face.

Nothing long can prevent Japan from taking what she wants in Asia—or Europe from wresting what she wants from Africa. All the world wishes it would be by peaceful means—but this is to be doubted because of fear and because the world is operated by human beings, who are notably fallible. If Africa and Asia are not the expanding grounds for the people of these three nations—then the poison is simply driven inward; into Europe, with a consequent succession of wars, depressions and general lowering of the scale of civilized living.

* * * *

The world has always been at odds over Africa and Asia. And always have France and England been ranged on one side, and Germany and Italy on the other. Yet the expressions of their rivalry have taken concrete form in Europe. Europe has

been the battleground. But the causes have been Africa and Asia.

They were the causes of the World War, as we have shown. The Treaty of Versailles and the regrouping of the map of Europe at the close of the World War did not touch these fundamentals at all. It merely changed the battlefield map and did, to a certain extent, aggravate the situation. Austria, without any commercial support or means of self-support other than that given her by the great powers, is not in a healthy condition.

The presence of a strip of land called the Polish Corridor is equally impossible to maintain. A Germany, cut off entirely from self-support, is bound to explode. But the fact is not changed that the colonial situation remains just the same today as in 1914. Wipe away the World War altogether and wipe away the post-war period—and Abyssinia and Tunis are still there. China is still there. Persia is still independent. All just in the same position as they were in 1914. And the nations which could not agree on the division of spoils then, who could not agree as to who should control these last outposts of independence, today debate and connive bitterly over the very same places.

Thus the signs which pointed through the international skies from 1900 to 1914—have pointed in the same direction from 1919 to 1935.

The British, the French, the Germans and the Italians still strive to play one off against the other, for what they may get out of Africa.



Nation will contest with nation in Europe for what colonies they can get outside Europe. And if they be no more successful this time than the last, then will follow yet another period of jockeying, backing and filling, conniving and intrigue, until another "incident" sets the whole structure ablaze for the third time.

Plainly the signs all point today to another European war for the division of colonial territory.

* * * *

Europe took the five continents and developed them industrially. Now a time is rapidly approaching when there is nothing left to develop. Europe is faced with a decision of either agreeing to stop stealing slices of the other continents for empire purposes and agree merely to the exchange of goods and social thoughts with the other territories, or it must mutually agree upon a division of all the continents of the world, live up to the agreements and not covet the territory belonging to next door neighbors.

The first it won't or cannot do, because of the industrial machine built up in the last hundred years. The second it won't do because nobody trusts anybody else. If the major powers cannot agree not to slaughter one another any more when an argument arises, but to sit down and talk it over and let a jury of nations deliver the answer, how much less likely are they to be able to agree to a division of empire and then abide by the

agreements which are reached?

So it is clear as crystal that the troubles of Europe are not European—but are to be found in the Near East and the Far East. The present economy of the world dictates that the call for empire shall grow more and more intense, and Abyssinia is the newest expression of this intensity.



VI

Which Way, America?

What of America's destiny?

Woodrow Wilson became President of the United States in 1913. He came in on a wave of reform and recovery.

President Roosevelt became President of the United States in 1933. He, too, came in on a wave of reform and recovery. Wilson called his program the New Freedom. Roosevelt calls his program the New Deal.

Acts of reform passed under the Wilson regime included the Federal Reserve Act, the Anti-trust law, the income tax law, the Federal Trade Commission and a good many others. Big business fought the passage of every act all down the line with bitter intensity.

Acts passed under the Roosevelt regime, so far, include the utilities regulation act, the NRA, the Wagner Labor Bill, the Society Security Act, the Omnibus Bank Bill, Securities Act and a good many others. Big business fought the passage of every act all down the line with bitter intensity.

In 1914, war broke out in Europe. For two and a half years, Wilson's New Freedom was forgotten because of what transpired in Europe and

America became the supply house which underwrote the war, financially and commercially. Eventually, the stake grew so big that America joined the side on which she had invested the most money.

The New Deal acts of 1935 have been passed—and war looms on the horizon of Europe again.

Is this strange parallel going to run the same deadly course?

It is both possible and probable.

Can the parallel be avoided?

Let us see if we can find an answer.

The United States went into the World War for two main reasons—a strange, unreasoning fear that democracy was about to fall to pieces, and secondly, because industry, agriculture and the bankers, became hopelessly involved commercially and financially, trying to make money out of somebody else's war and kidding themselves that they could stay out of it and not get burnt.

The unreasoning fear was subtly fostered by Allied propaganda. The British propaganda mill worked like a well-oiled machine. It wasn't until the war had been going on for at least a year, that the Germans suddenly realized what was happening—that a tremendously damaging case was being built up against them in the United States by a master of the technique of understanding a national psychology and then playing it for all it is worth. When the Germans promoted a counter-propaganda system—it was too late. The damage had been done. The image that Germany

was the villain had been planted too firmly in the popular mind to be eradicated. The national sympathies had been skilfully guided to support, if not actively, at least passively the Allied cause.

If anyone so much as raised his head to suggest caution and backed up his argument with cold logic—he was howled down as a friend of the enemy. If someone mildly remarked that military preparations were causing a lot of aimless and useless graft and confusion, he was condemned as a national traitor. If one was so luckless as to possess a name with a Teutonic sound to it—he was eyed with hostile suspicion everywhere he went, even though he might have been a descendant from a Revolutionary family.

This was to be a “war to save democracy—a war to end wars.” Oh, the Allied propaganda agents worked with consummate skill. The man who thought of those two famous slogans, little realized how well they would do their work. Democracy is a precious word with Americans. It has epitomized a national psychology for 150 years. The politicians prate of it at every opportunity and the 200-per-centers trot it out on every occasion as a sure fire rabble rouser. It has made us, through the years, feel a little holy, engendered the idea that we are the chosen custodians of the democracy of the world.

And so when the Kaiser’s troops marched into Belgium, the gold brick that our democracy was going to collapse if he were victorious, was sold to us by the Allies and we bought it, lock, stock

and barrel, never questioning the salesman.

Thus was created the strange "fear" psychosis in our national makeup, that whenever the sound of marching feet was to be heard in the world, the fear for our democracy was to arise.

There was little excuse for swallowing it then—but that was all 21 years ago. The world has changed in these two decades. There is little excuse for it today, although a national anxiety is justified. American's commercial interests have become so intertwined with the world that whatever happens elsewhere on the globe, is bound to affect American industry, and therefore American social life.

If the time comes again, that America shall be looked to, her help courted and her arms requested—this time the slogan will be "Save democracy from Fascism," instead of "Save the world from Kaiser-ism." And the fear psychosis generated by the World War—a psychosis utterly missing from American life from the day Independence was declared up until 1914—will rear its head again. There will be those who will counsel reason and caution and will quote cold facts and point to logic and they will be damned as friends of Fascism or Communism. There are signs of it about us already today—the disaffection bill, threatening anybody who criticises army or navy policies, with jail, which fortunately died with the passing of the reform congress—merely to mention just one item.

However "fear" alone will not be the major factor which will entangle us again—but rather our industrial resources and the part we play in the western world's industrial system.

The raw materials utilized by industry in peacetime, are the same raw materials utilized by man when he goes to war. And the finances used to promote peaceful pursuits are the same finances used to pay for the waging of wars.*

The business of shipping arms and munitions internationally is a reprehensible business. But lately we have placed too great emphasis upon it. The munitions business is not a cause of war. It never has been. It is merely a symptom of war. Italy can make her own munitions. Ethiopia perhaps cannot. And the common cry is that it is unfair to withhold arms from both nations, for this lends indirect support to the strong nation, to the detriment of the weak.

Surely this argument is so old as to not need destroying again. Yet perhaps it should be done once more. We did nothing about the control of the shipment of arms at the beginning of the World War. Those munitions which were sold went mostly to the Allies—for they had the ships and they

* Corroboration of this very situation comes with reports, at the present writing, that Selassie, in desperate effort to checkmate Italy, has granted concessions to an oil company, incorporated in Delaware, and later revealed by the State Department as a subsidiary of the Standard Vacuum Oil Company. The sudden burst of public indignation forced the cancellation of the concession contract but it was clearly an indication of the type of commercial greed which leads only along the road to war.

had the necessary control of the seas.

This anomaly soon appeared so obvious that Congress moved to embargo such shipments. Promptly the Allies protested. They said that this would be a most unfriendly act—certainly it could not be construed as an act of a neutral. So the State Department obligingly let the proposal die.

Immediately Germany howled in protest and said that the United States was throwing its lot in with the Allied cause. President Wilson did his best to explain the dilemma by quoting international law—but he might as well have saved his breath. The fact remained that because we failed to act before the war, nothing we could do after the war began, would satisfy either side and therefore placed the U. S. in a hopelessly embarrassing position.

We simply couldn't be neutral, no matter which way we turned.

Those who argue against any embargo action before the actual outbreak of hostilities, decline to face realities. Any honest neutrality action taken by any nation, is bound to benefit the strong. But in the two and a half years prior to our entry into the World War, we carefully kidded ourselves that we were being neutral, by selling to everyone. Actually we were not selling to everyone, because one side had neither the ships nor the control of the sea to enable it to buy. Therefore we were, in reality selling only to the other side

—and eventually the investment grew so large, coupled with the “fear” psychosis worked so cunningly by the same side to which we were selling, that we plunged in to save what we could from the wreckage.

But when banning the sale of arms and munitions, we forget that this business is minor, in comparison to all the other bulk of trade in time of war. The chief entanglements are caused not by shells, not by machine guns or howitzers being bartered across the international counter, but by loans and investments and raw materials.

To ban munitions and allow trade in such materials as cotton, scrap iron, oil, chemicals, food to carry on as usual, simply boils down to a case of slamming the front door against an intruder, and leaving the back door and all the windows of the house wide open.

Nations cannot wage war without money and without credit. The nation that extends credits to warring nations, simply underwrites the destruction of civilization of the white man. Yet there are still honest and earnest citizens who believe that we can make all the money in the world out of somebody else's war by running a gigantic pawn-broking business and still never get hurt. Such a belief refuses to face the facts.

Prior to the World War, there was in effect a ban on loans to belligerents. What happened to it? Read this excerpt from Secretary of State Lansing's letter to President Wilson concerning this

restriction on international financing:

".....Secretary McAdoo has discussed with you the necessity of floating Government loans for the belligerent nations, which are purchasing great quantities of goods in this country, in order to avoid a serious financial situation which will not only affect them but this country as well....."

"To withdraw any considerable amount (of gold from Europe) would disastrously affect the credit of the European nations, and the consequence would be a general state of bankruptcy. If the European countries cannot find means to pay for the excess of goods sold to them, they will have to stop buying."

There we have a Secretary of State of the United States saying that unless America financed the World War, the war wouldn't be able to go on.

So Johnnie Q. Public was asked to chip in. Oh no, the mercenary side of it wasn't mentioned! Instead, his patriotism was courted and his pocket-book neatly, but slyly and effectively tapped. From then on, he began financing the war, which had its origin in the division of African spoils and with which he had not even the remotest connection.

And when this occurred, French Diplomat Tardieu wrote: *"From then on, whether desired*

or not, the victory of the Allies became essential to the United States."

The American citizen was now paying the bill. He came to the rescue of the banking fraternity, which paved the way originally for America's entry into the war with its financing of the purchases of foreign nations and arranging credits for them. He was told that he must put a uniform on and make the world "safe for democracy," and he did. He never protested when his civil liberties were taken away. He even allowed himself to be conscripted! He sacrificed his life on blood-red fields in Flanders, never got his money back and never will, because under the present Western World economy, he cannot; and he has had a depression to boot and now sees another Hell brewing.

But why were the loans made in the first place? Go back to the Lansing-Wilson letter and you'll see the lines—".....*which are purchasing such great quantities of goods in this country.....*"

Why did they come here and purchase "great quantities of goods?" Times were hard when Wilson gained the presidency. And he captured the nation's fancy with his New Freedom platform and program. The war offered a golden opportunity to banish depression, sell surplus supplies, take up the slack in unemployment. There were those in the government at that time who were thoughtful men and who were afraid. But their voices were lost in the clamor, how utterly lost can be gleaned so well and so admirably from Walter Millis' book *Road to War*, a copy of which should be in

every American citizen's possession—from President to crossing sweeper.

Wilson meant well, but he was weak and he was a politician. The clamor that rose from industry and agriculture dinned about his ears. The pressure became enormous and he went down before it. Far stronger Presidents than Wilson would have surrendered in like fashion. And the day he let down the bars which had banned the sale of not only munitions, but raw materials of all kinds as well as finished products, to the warring nations, the United States was to all intents and purposes, a participant in the War.

Thus the loans find their origin in America's possession of the raw materials.

For one of the most lucid, and clear thumbnail pictures of America's industrial resources, of recent years, we may thank *Fortune Magazine*. In its September, 1935, issue it has these figures, and this to say:

"Within or just beyond our borders—Canada, Cuba, South America—we have the world's most complete collection (raw materials of war).

"In this regard, the U. S. looms up, willy nilly, as the greatest potential fighting machine on earth. This can be vividly shown by a few tables. To begin with the seven major powers are:

France	Italy
Germany	Japan
Great Britain	Russia
United States.	

"In war these nations are dependent upon nine 'great essentials,' to wit:

Chemicals	Iron ore
Coal	Machinery
Food	Petroleum
Iron	Power

Manufacturing skill

"In every one of these essentials the United States leads and, moreover, is the only nation which includes all them within its borders. We are not, however, absolutely self-contained. Consider the following list of nineteen commodities, which are most important to modern warfare:

Aluminum	Nickel
Antimony	Nitrate
Chromium	Phosphates
Copper	Potash
Cotton	Rubber
Lead	Sulphur
Manganese	Tin
Mercury	Tungsten
Mica	Wool

Zinc

"These nineteen commodities constitute the skeleton of modern war, and the war plans of any nation must include definite means for their procurement against any supposed major power or coalition of powers. No nation in the world *except the U. S. and Russia* has anything like a complete

supply of these materials within its own borders.

"The U. S. has eight and Russia about the same. The remaining eleven are listed by the U. S. War Department as 'strategical materials'.....These are:

Antimony	Chromium
Nickel	Nitrates
Manganese	Rubber
Mercury	Tin
Mica	Tungsten
	Wool

"But due to the fact that we annually consume more of most of these materials than the rest of the world combined, there are always considerable supplies on hand. So the above list really boils down to:

Chromium (obtainable from Africa, Russia. Just discovered in the Philippines.)

Manganese (Russia, Africa, Brazil)

Nickel (Canada, Africa, Brazil)

Rubber (Malaya, Ford plantation in Brazil)

Tin (least important)

"Besides the above, the War Department lists fifteen less important 'strategical materials', to wit:

Camphor	Nux Vomica
Coconut shells	Opium
Coffee	Platinum
Hides	Quinine

Iodine	Shellac
Jute	Silk
Manila fibre	Sisal
Sugar	

“.....But even these tables do not show our war-making power in full. If you take resources alone, Russia is almost as richly endowed as we are, and has, besides, two great key materials that we lack (manganese and chromium). But Russia is not yet equipped to exploit her resources and the military significance of this fact is merely that the U. S. can turn out more guns, more tanks, more automobiles, more ammunition, *more of everything* required for war out of available resources than Russia and hence any other nation in the world.

“Again, however, a peer rises—this time the United Kingdom. Britain’s resources are chiefly her colonial empire, and hence are not so strategically placed as those of Russia, or the United States. Her industrial power on the other hand, is concentrated at home. So long as she can keep her empire together (including Canada, which is the world’s only first class source of nickel) she can rival us as a war maker.

“Britain and the U. S. combined account for more than 60 per cent of the world’s industrial output and exercise financial or covering control over 75 per cent of the world’s minerals. . . . The English speaking peoples, therefore, could easily police the world, should they so desire, or block practically

any other coalition of powers."

And in this masterly exposition, *Fortune* winds up with this observation: "It will be especially difficult for us to eschew war in the future for the reason of our industrial and raw material supremacy. A war in almost any quarter of the world may affect our industrial mechanism, and our natural supplies are bound to affect the destinies of the belligerent elsewhere."

Seldom has the U. S. raw material picture been painted so clearly in so few words. America, since the passage of the World War, has become more closely linked with the world than ever. We could be isolated—if we chose to live unto ourselves. But we are not isolated because we have built up an industrial and social economy which is more intense than even that of the rest of the world. And we play a role, a distinct and very emphatic role, in the whole industrial and social economy of the world itself, as distinct from our own domestic set-up.

The pressure of the "interests" forced Wilson to let down the barriers. We became the supply house for the world at war for four years. Our machinery was stepped up to take care of this tremendous flood of orders. Factories expanded. New machinery was devised to speed the pace. The loans and credits became larger and larger. And accordingly, the social life expanded at the same rate.

When the war was over, the American industrial

and social economy was faced with either continuing the same pace, or slowing down to normal again. The political powers were afraid to take the latter and only sane course. The industrial powers didn't want to, because for four years profits had rolled in like a golden stream, and being human, they couldn't stand to see it all suddenly come to an end. So America took the insane course and kept up the pace.

But it found it could only do it by extending the loans and credits to a bankrupt and war-weary world. So the loans and credits were made. And for a time things were lovely. Production kept merrily on its way. Prices went up, profits rolled in and everybody had a glorious time playing the market. Nobody stopped to consider that what we were doing was really selling what we produced, to ourselves. The few who uttered words of warning were drowned by the shouts of the profit-drunk populace. Actually, the products we made went into other nations and they enjoyed the fruits they provided, but we were paying the bill all the time.

In 1929, this huge bubble suddenly burst and down came the whole house of cards.

And from 1929 on we have been trying to repair the damage, by trying to make the same machine work, with the same tools, the same oil and the same gasoline!

And it has, indeed, begun to show signs of life again. And we are exporting. But we have also

tried other experiments. We have instituted a cotton control program and a wheat control scheme.

Take cotton, for instance. The cotton producers of the South provided the world with most of its cotton at one time. But due to the intensity of the white man's civilization, with his present industrial and economic set-up, cotton prices fell plumb to the bottom.

So cotton producers of America were told that they must produce only so much, and be paid for what they didn't produce. The government now has a surplus of six million bales on its hands and is trying to guarantee a set price to the producers. In the meantime, the Southern cotton producers have lost many of their foreign markets with little prospect of ever getting them back again. The Egyptians and the Indians have stepped in, where the Southerners stepped out.

American cotton farmers cannot go on forever on this basis. The procedure would simply bankrupt the government, as well as destroy the domestic market by the knowledge of the ever present surplus locked up in government warehouses.

Thus America must provide some new means of enabling cotton farmers who have gone out of business, to earn a new living—or else when war comes, demand for cotton goes up, the pressure to permit exports and thus return some measure of prosperity, even though it be a false one, will be too great for any president or any political party

to withstand. And once the politicians surrender, America sets foot along exactly the same path she did in 1914, when President Wilson was obliged to succumb to the demands of agriculture and industry that they be allowed to export to the warring nations.

An instance of this pressure is already staring us in the face. The cotton bloc in the senate was driven only by pressure from "back home" when it suddenly tried to tack a guarantee of 12 cent cotton loans from the government onto the third deficiency bill, at the adjournment hours of the Reform congress. We cannot go on with a national policy which plays both ends against the middle—a policy which is international with its exports one minute, and national, with its regulations and restrictions the next. Henry Wallace has been the only Washington leader with courage enough to say so, out loud, to date.

If that kind of pressure may influence legislators in peacetime, the pressure exerted on them in wartime can be easily imagined.

The last war was financed by America. It financed the war by the extension of billions of dollars worth of credit to customers so that they could buy and keep American industry operating full steam ahead.

Is there any reason why America cannot finance itself to keep out of another war, in exactly the same manner as it financed itself into the World War? If forty billions of credit can be extended

to foreigners to buy from us to keep the American economy operating, cannot forty billions of credit be extended to American consumers instead of foreigners, upon the next occasion? What have Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt been doing but just that, these last five years of peace?

It may be very nice to make profits out of another fellow's war. It may be very delightful to pull ourselves out of our own depression that way. But it is the way that leads directly to American participation and what we might make up in profits in the year or two before we went in, we would promptly lose three and four times over in the subsequent years.

We cannot have our cake and eat it too. It is utterly impossible. Yet there are those among us who still believe, in spite of all the heartaches, the tragedies, the rows upon rows of little white crosses in France and Belgium, the lost fortunes and the lost jobs, that it can be done again.

Neutrality legislation, such as has been proposed by many—that which has been enacted by the Congress is both a snare and a delusion—might postpone the day when America may be involved in the next world explosion.

Private loans to any warring nations should be barred, sales of war-making materials, and sales of finished goods should be barred to all belligerents; the sailings of American vessels through war zones should be banned; citizens should travel at their own risk; and the U. S. government should

decline to assume any liabilities for the loss of life of any citizen, or destruction of property of any citizen who disobeys such prohibitions.

It is a program of neutrality which is by no means foolproof. At best, it is no better than 60 per cent perfect. For one must never forget that if Congress can make a program, Congress can also unmake the same program. And Congress is composed of human beings, subject to all the emotions that tear a man in a thousand different directions.

It is a program which would shake America's economy. Industry and agriculture will promptly retort that without exports we would collapse. And yet it is this same industry and agriculture which snorts so disdainfully at the peace time contention that the seven per cent export trade may mean anything when it comes to a debate of tariffs and trade barriers. Let the prospect of loss of that seven per cent show any signs of becoming a reality, and it immediately becomes a matter of life and death, it is indispensable, utterly impossible to ever think of going on without it!

Great Britain cannot sit still and take no notice of an expansionistic and thoroughly militaristic state, settle along the line of vital communication between herself and her Empire, as will be Italy's position if she attempts to annex Abyssinia to herself.

Sooner or later, Great Britain will be driven by force of circumstances to intervene.

Then will come America's test. The United States was the nation which sponsored a treaty which declared that a non-defensive war is a crime against the world. It is unthinkable that America will continue to supply a criminal with materials and weapons wherewith to carry on to a conclusion what America has declared a criminal act. Thus will come up the problem of halting, not only munitions, but all goods of all kinds, to belligerent nations.

The British policy has been vacillating, because it has been of many minds. If Italy attempted to attack Malta, a tiny little outpost of the great, far flung and mighty British Empire—Mussolini well knows that the Empire would spring as one man to the defense of Malta. So Mussolini, at present, makes no effort to take Malta.

But there is no doctrine, like the Monroe Doctrine, operative in Europe, whereby, when one nation attacks another, it attacks everybody. If there were, there would be no wars. Europe is uncertain as to how to proceed when the nation attacked is not part of any powerful empire. Each also has his own irons in the fire—and the uncertainty merely lends speed to the current which drifts us closer to another world catastrophe.

It is an utterly fantastic situation. Defense for a tiny bit of territory can be obtained without war, simply because it is part of a great empire, and defense for a principle, upon which hangs the preservation of the Western World's civilization, cannot

be obtained. It is incredible, but true!

So, when black shirt and black skin clash in a hot, disease-ridden tropical jungle thousands of miles away, they will be writing new destinies for the world—and perhaps America, too.



VII

If

Africa!

They call her the Dark Continent—a land of mysterious peoples and unfathomable depths.

A huge continent standing since the creation of Time, with its two extremities known to the white man and its central regions enveloped in mystery, its tribes virtually unknown and its great broad bosom lost in the simmering heat waves of a tropic sun—the real heart of Africa.

For centuries this continent has stood majestic, immobile, defying the curious white man, with his elephants, his safaris and his fire sticks. Occasionally, it has relented and allowed for but a moment, a glimpse of its secrets to the curious outside world—glimpses such as Stanley and Livingstone gave the statesmen and the scientists, the engineers and the explorers. But to the ordinary person, Africa is a vast unknown jungle, little understood, seldom thought of—but awesome by the very nature of its primitive majesty.

A large slice of the population of the United States derives its origin from this land of shadows and mirages—yet what do we know of it? Every day, millions of children of the white man

read that greatest story book of all, the Bible, yet probably less than a tenth of one per cent ever realize that Africa is talked of, not once, but many times in its pages.

The white man has builded himself a web of life, with strands of iron and steel, of silver and gold, of trade and commerce, that has in the last century risen up to tower over him menacingly. Its threads, which his science and engineering genius wove at the loom called "progress," curl out to fasten upon him and throttle out his very life.

For by his very genius, he has made his own world more complicated. He advances from discovery to discovery, from creation to creation, until the house that he has builded has grown topheavy and sways perilously. His coal, copper, and steel—his corn, wheat and meat—his electricity, gas and oil—they have led him into the paths of ceaseless, ruthless and cruel competition with his fellow white man.

The speed of his competition gradually mounts. The competitors race from all directions. Presently they crash headlong into each other. The air is filled with snarlings, with flailing fists, with the dull thud-thud of merciless blows. And when the dust settles and the eye can see again—the weakest of the competitors has fallen, never to rise again. And the strongest, who remain, then begin another race of competition—and self elimination.

Thus the white man has raced a super, brittle civilization to the point where another collision is imminent.

And the white man knows it—and so, having raced madly to the edge of the chasm and terrified at what he sees yawning before his feet, he suddenly flings himself upon the savage of Africa and says, in effect: “You must get me out of this. I must civilize you. If you object, I shall force it down your throat. But civilize you, I must. If not, I am lost!”

So the blackman is now about to assume the role of guinea pig, of helpless, unwitting, innocent victim of the white man’s self-complicated civilization.

Abyssinia has done nothing wrong in the code book of the morals of Life. She is, on the contrary, a victim of the crisis of industrialism created by the Western World. The depression bore mercilessly upon the industrial nations, who can now only live as long as they sell what they produce.

But the depression, oddly enough, has borne, or perhaps it would be better to say, is about to bear mercilessly upon Abyssinia too—because of the very fact she *is* ancient, feudalistic, and semi-barbaric. Here is virgin ground for the industrial nations to industrialize, to work off that production, that excess of scientific procreation, which they cannot work off among themselves because of the barriers, the tariffs and the restrictions they

have raised against one another.

This is not a new story. It is one that grows clearer and clearer as each year goes by. It is being enacted this very same minute in the Far East.

It is a process of repetition—this civilization builded by the Western World. And with each repetition, it moves one step closer to self-elimination by slow progression.

With Ethiopia colonized and industrialized—where does the world turn in the next crisis—providing the world doesn't destroy itself before then? Already Africa is parceled up among the nations. China, you say—perhaps. But again only for a short time. Then the next crisis and then where else? India?—owned by the British. Australia?—a vast continent two-thirds unexplored—but already branded with a British hallmark. Take a map and look around the world for yourself and see if you can find the undeveloped lands,—free from any nation's brand of ownership, to which some country, driven mad by the pressure of occidental economic existence, can turn and thereby create a safety valve. You will count them on the fingers of one hand and even then you will not use up all your fingers.

Eventually a time will come when there will be no spots left in the world such as undeveloped Abyssinia—and then begins the process of self-elimination of the Occidental world in real earnest.

So Abyssinia's destiny is marked—it is as in-

evitable as the coming of day and night. She is destined in the future months, and years, to be a sponge for a civilization which, spurred by its own excesses, must find new sources of supply to fill the greedy stomach of its own industrial machine, and undeveloped territories on which to spew the finished goods.

And so the nations of the world are eyeing Africa again, each hurrying soldiers and sailors to her desert, jungle and coastline. They aspire to accomplish two things—carve out whatever new pieces they can for themselves, and protect from the grasping fingers of others, what they already may possess.

Their aspirations plunge them headlong not only to self-destruction—but into something more disturbing, more menacing—the explosive problem of—color.

The teeming millions which form Africa's population are ruled by a comparative handful of whites. Mussolini's intention to wage war on a black race has set the fires of race differences and dislike glowing again, as they have not glowed for decades.

The British are fearful that victory for the Abyssinians, or a long drawn-out war, in which the Italian arms actually lose prestige, may be the spark which will inflame the African blacks against their white rulers. If ever such a thing happened, it would mark the end of the British Empire. There are 330,000,000 blacks in the Empire, ruled by

70,000,000 whites, 40,000,000 of whom are in England.

The feeling through the colored races of the world runs very strong at present. Many Mohammedans and Moslems have declared the utmost willingness and in some cases actual readiness to join forces with the Abyssinians.

Two thousand Somali tribesmen deserted from Italian Eritrea and, at the dead of night, slid over the frontier to give their strength of arms to Emperor Selassie. Although this was bitterly denied by the Italian military authorities, an Austrian officer, engaged in training the Abyssinian troops, confirmed it as a mass desertion he had seen with his own eyes.

Japanese arms and munitions are being supplied in profuse quantities to Ras Tafari's soldiers although this, too, is denied. The Japanese have not forgiven Mussolini for his references to color. And Japan is the most intelligent and the keenest of the colored races of the world. Some day she hopes to be the kingpin of the earth—the creator of the next great empire, stretching through five continents. And she lays the groundwork now, just as the British did years ago.

She has colonization rights in Siam. She has the same rights in Brazil, in Abyssinia. Japanese trade expansion in South Africa worries the Dutch and the English. Japanese immigration is forbidden in South Africa, but Tokio feels that their nationals should be allowed to settle in such

places as the Kalahari Desert, although the law bars them. All over the world, you will find Japanese and Japanese traders.

The cunning yellow men sit in the far east and watch two worlds, the white world and the black world. They watch the white world gradually throttling itself into oblivion by the intensity of its civilization—and they bide their time. Why should they try to force things, when things are taking care of themselves so neatly, they ask? And so they wait and watch—all the time laying the groundwork for the day when they will be supreme among nations.

It is to their obvious advantage to be friendly to Ethiopia. If the black races should suddenly rise against their white rulers, it will be merely helping the Japanese in the final analysis. They do not forget either that Mohammedans and Moslems extend through Asia Minor, to that other vast British colony, India, with its millions of natives again ruled by a small handful of Englishmen, and on through into China.

When Mussolini stirs his war stick in the bubbling black cauldron of Africa, he threatens the stability of continents. And America will not escape the consequences of this reborn Caesar's lust for more territory. When his white soldiers battle the black troops of Ethiopia, there will be millions in the United States who will follow the fortunes of each side with almost patriotic fervor. Was not that brief battle between Italians and

negroes in the streets of Newark but a "small cloud" on the horizon, the significance of which cannot surely be missed?

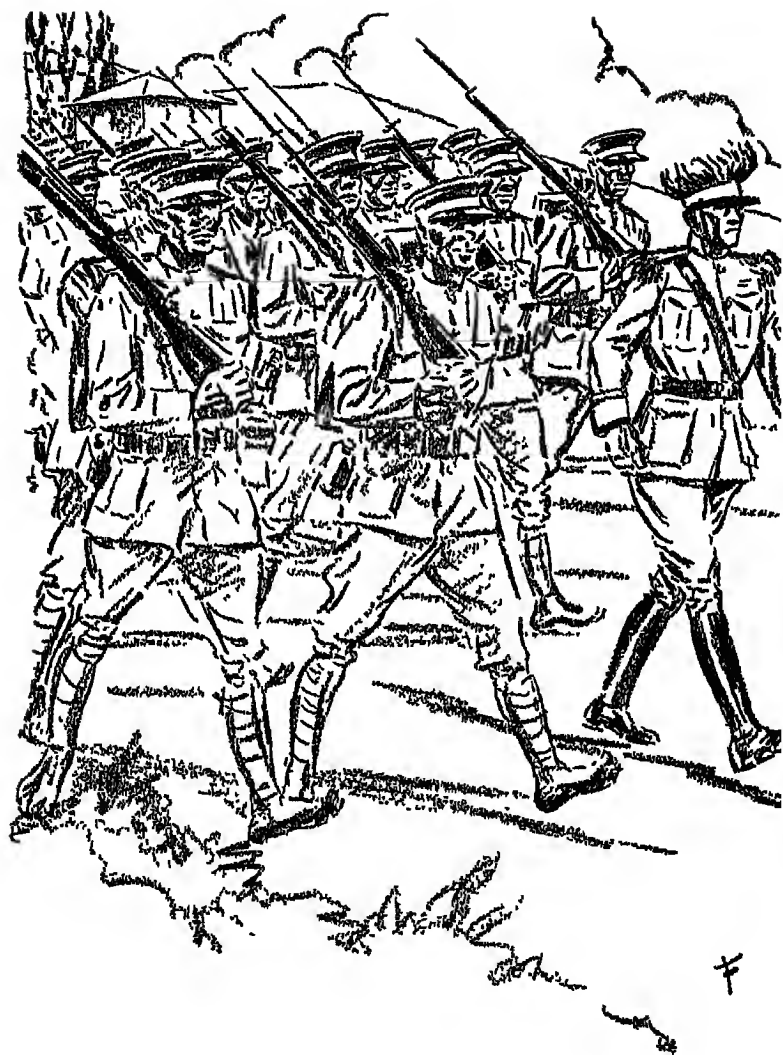
There are more negroes in this country—a trifle more than 11,000,000—than there are people in all Ethiopia. Consider the hundreds of thousands of Italians. There are millions of German and Jewish people. All of them, to be sure, are first and foremost Americans. But when it comes to matters of color, races and religions, passions rule the day. Fighting minorities start trouble in isolated spots here and there. And from minorities the fires of hysteria expand and spread until they are minorities no more.

And so the Japanese sit back and watch and wait—and smile as Hitler and Mussolini go to work for them.

Every so often through the history of the world, a civilization rises, rests on the laurels of its triumphs, decays and then passes away. And none of the civilizations have ever made a come-back.

The Egyptian civilization grew exceedingly intense, as the archeologists and scientists are discovering little by little. But the Egyptians' dynasty decayed and passed into oblivion. What of the great Grecian period, when the Greek warriors and famous athletes ruled the world? Has it ever come back? What of the Roman era—which Mussolini is trying so hard to emulate and reincarnate?

And what of the civilization of the Western



World of today? Two hundred years ago, it was strong, virile, in the bloom of its manhood and power. Industrial invention was just beginning. Empire building was the order of the day. Strong men pioneered. Colonists left their motherlands and endured untold hardships to settle and colonize.

Through that era there were wars, to be sure—but individual wars. They were not frightful mass slaughters, where half the world was ranged against the other half. And so these small individual wars were not enough to prevent the expansion and gradual intensifying of the western civilization. But slowly the pace grew so keen, the competition so great—that the first of the great mass slaughters of the Western civilization burst upon a horrified world. After five years—11,000,000 were killed off, and more than 20,000,000 maimed.

But this only served to gear the competition to higher speeds than ever. And the higher the speed, the softer has grown the occidental world. Do you doubt it? Well, look around you for proof.

We cannot live now without the most elaborate comforts. Everything is aimed to save physical labor and undue exertion. Where are the days when the mother of the house raised ten children, kept her home spotless, washed, ironed and mended their clothes, found time to go out with her husband, cooked all the meals and weeded the

cabbage patch? Today, the "help" wants to know if the laundry is to be included in the domestic duties and if it is—well, it doesn't want the job.

We have the picture of a man suing his city government to increase his dole of \$60, because it isn't enough! The more intense grows the civilization, the less physical exertion is offered and the financial return for doing nothing is expected to be doubled.

There are so many "isms" that the young generation produced by this super-civilized state, flounder around in pathetic confusion, going from "ism" to "ism," and becoming synthetically old men and women before their 20's. If they had fundamentals to cling to they would gladly fasten to them, but the fundamentals have been smothered under the fancy "isms" of the era.

Why, the intensity of the economy we have builded has become so that the children no longer hold life itself in any reverence. Children in their "teens" look around, dash off a note to the effect that "life has nothing to offer me," and shoot themselves. They have been reared in a super-materialistic atmosphere and it suffocates them before they even know the first meaning of life.

Thus we become flabbier and flabbier. The Japanese soldier can exist on a quarter of a pound of rice a day—but try to feed the soldier of the occidental world the same rations and see what happens!

Once the blacks, led by the yellows, have been given the opportunity to throw off the white man's yoke, they will be the winners. They have not yet the white man's intelligence as measured in terms of the white man's civilization, but their physical endurance is greater. And any race which goes physically to seed, and relies on machine substitutes to perform for it, is a race which is its own worst enemy. History time and again has proven it. And there is no reason to suppose that the Divine Power has suddenly changed the fundamentals of mankind just to suit our present day convenience and ego, and confound 5,000 years of history. If so, then Utopia is here, there's no use in going to Heaven, and this life is no longer to be considered a period of test and trial.

But to think that is to think in terms of defeatism, to admit that we are licked, ready to throw up the sponge and wait for oblivion. There is a solution—but whether it will come through peaceful evolution or a series of devastating wars, such as of the kind that the world once more contemplates—remains entirely up to the intelligence of the Western World.

The whole Occidental economy is based on a system of production which called for the parcelling up of every continent on the earth and industrializing it. What is extracted from it goes to supply the demands of the production machine of the West, and in turn the finished

goods are re-sold to the people of the world's five continents.

If it hadn't been for Africa, Asia and the other outposts on the rim of the world, our economy would have become static many years ago. The Western World long, long ago, reached its own saturation point under the way we run things now.

The first of the great industrial nations was Great Britain, and only because she reached into the undeveloped territories of the world and exploited them did she become the great empire that she is. True, her supremacy is not so great nor so secure as it was. But this is because other countries copied her methods and are now competitors. Once England sold a great percentage of her products to America—but when the American economy began running at top speed, the door was closed. England had to go somewhere else—to China. Now Japan is doing the same thing as the United States—closing the door of that market.

Commercial doors are gradually closing, one by one, all over the world, and as each one closes, the race for survival grows hotter and more bitter.

It means that the undeveloped territories are becoming more and more scarce. These territories are themselves in the throes of industrialization. And where this is happening, you will find mostly yellow or black people. They are at the threshold of the kind of civilization at which the occidental world stood a hundred or a hundred

and fifty years ago. They are beginning; we are close to the ending. Most of us of the Occident refuse to believe it and that is because of the super-ego of infallibility with which we have imbued our outlook.

But, nevertheless, foreign trade is dwindling. The British Empire, famous for a century for its free trade policies, has been forced by the tightness of the race, into erecting barriers and fences against the exchange of goods, produced by its own machine, and derived from the very sources which now threaten its supremacy.

America is no different. We continually harp on exports. As long as the balance of the trade scales is tipped well to the export side, we are satisfied. But the inclination in that direction is growing steadily less and less.

In the old days, it was a case of empire building for profit. The Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Rothschilds and the Sassoons founded great family dynasties. But no more. It is now a case of empire *hunting* for the sake of self-preservation. It is a race for the survival of the fittest and the yellows and blacks are just awakening and are the freshest of the racers. We have to step up the speed, so as to keep the factories and business running, so as to keep men employed and consuming. And when we do that, we create more money and more surpluses.

The surpluses have to be sold to the undeveloped nations, and on these they are building their new

era. The money we create, we reinvest abroad into producing more materials to provide more supplies for the factories of our civilization, which in turn, create more surpluses, and more wealth to be invested all over again. It is an endless merry-go-round that we have built, and the more it whirls around, the faster and faster it travels. And we ride with it—blinded by that feeling that we cannot be wrong and supposing that the way out is sheer speed.

We have this clearly written today in every quarter of the globe. Egypt is nominally and on the record a free country—but the British actually possess it because of the millions of pounds, shillings and pence they poured into Egypt. Persia, like Abyssinia, is to all intents and purposes an independent nation—but who has first call on the Persian market? Great Britain, because of the huge investments in Persian oil and other commodities. Who has had possession of China for so long? The Western World—England, France, Germany, and the United States. Japan also has been a partner but now Japan has decided the time is ripe to announce to the Occidental that from now on, Japanese money will provide the only investments which will finance the awakening of the Chinese industrial era. In this manner alone will Japan possess China, and not with troops, bayonets and bombs.

And so it is now with Italy and Abyssinia. If Mussolini builds bridges, lays roads, builds towns,

sets up electrification in Abyssinia, the Abyssinians will buy Italian products needed to create these things, and relieve the pressure in Italy.

But then what happens when all these markets are glutted? Where do we go from there to find fresh markets for reinvestment of the surplus goods and capital that the new markets have created for our system of living? A time will come when there simply won't be any place—and so the strongest empires will then take from the weak—and the weak will be swallowed up and disappear.

The World War broke out because of this obvious fact. When that ended, through sheer exhaustion of mankind, more than anything else, another kind of war broke out. We have called the period of 1919 to 1935, an era of peace. So it has been a period of peace, as opposed to actual physical combat. But it has been an era of trade wars of the most vicious kind.

And these have led the world again to the brink of actual physical combat.

There was the period of tariff raising, trade quotas and special customs, which began in the 20's, to be climaxed by our own Smoot-Hawley monstrosity.

Then came the second phase—the period when currencies were devalued, gold standards were abandoned, and everybody who tried this panacea felt for a while the bonanza effects. Japan led the way with the depressed yen, which gave her



more advantage over her fellow traders than all her starvation wages lumped together ever could have done. And immediately she began cutting into British trade in India.

Desperate, the British negotiated trade treaties with the Japanese, and then Britain herself abandoned the gold standard and allowed the pound to sink. For a while British home trade fairly boomed.

America followed with a devalued dollar, and the temporary heady effects were like a glass of wine on an empty stomach.

But this phase has also reached its end. The next step is the movement of navies, and the building of new ones. We are in the midst of this now. Coupled with it is the jockeying for position, the job of making friends and lining up those who will be the most useful to us. The stage then becomes set—and a spark is all that is needed to blow the whole caboodle sky high. The spark is always what the diplomats call “an incident.” Maybe the slaughter of Italians and Ethiopians round the water wells in Ual-Ual, will go down in future history as the newest “incident.”

The Italians were willing to talk about the “incident,” with fellow powers, but they were not willing to discuss boundaries. Ual-Ual is some 70 to 80 miles inside the Ethiopian frontier from Italian Somaliland. Plainly Italian frontier patrols were on the wrong side of the fence. But

the Ethiopian frontier line has been famous for its haziness in certain European chancellories. Discussion of frontier lines around Ual-Ual might have proven embarrassing to Il Duce—so the talk was of “incidents,” not frontiers.

No nation wants war, much less the people populating it. From the United Anti-Fascist Committee in Paris, we find these observations, as reported by the committee’s own field agents:

A large part of the population of Olgiate attempted to storm the city hall in protest against general mobilization orders, and the police were forced to make many arrests. In the barracks at Guglielmo Obercau, a company of young Fascists revolted against African service. They went, just the same, and were listed as “volunteers”! At Galleria, a group of World War reservists saw a group of 20 year old recruits marching with flaming banners, inscribed, “Long Live the Class of 1914—the Iron Class.” The old reservists mocked them, shouted “Down with war!” and tore up the banners. The reservists were locked up.

Nobody wants war—no ordinary, little Johnnie Q. Public, who runs to catch the suburban train in the morning, slogs in an office all day, catches the train home again at night and falls asleep reading the papers after dinner. He never does. But the seeds of propaganda are sewn. If they

don't grow, a little fertilizer is applied—and, before long, Johnnie Q., who in his soul has no more reason to go off and shoot some other poor devil 5,000 miles away who never even knew he existed before, will be climbing up the gangplank of a transport! Just why, is something that no man has ever been able to answer, or ever will. It is one of those things.

And so there is only one way for the Occidental world to get off its self-made merry-go-round and clamber to safety. The empire owners must agree to a division of territory between them, and then, together with the non-empire holders of the Occident, like ourselves in America, divert the course of our own economy and civilization.

If the empire owners cannot or will not agree—there is no reason why America should be dragged down with them. Let us not be fooled by treaties. Peace pacts and non-aggression treaties are so much eyewash.

In 8,000 years of history, there have been something like 8,000 peace treaties signed, and less than 250 of them observed. Tabulate from any schoolboy's American history book and you will find that in 150 years of American independence, we have had six major conflicts, or one on an average of every 25 years. Our participation in the last one, began in 1917. It is now 1935. Figure the law of averages for yourself.

But if there is no hope in treaty making, there is hope in changing one's economy. At least one

can divert the reinvestment of surplus capital and disposition of surplus goods from their present direction. The capital can be reinvested in America. And the national economy can be rearranged so that we will not have the surplus of goods, which must be disposed in foreign territory, to create more capital to put into the production of more goods and round the merry-go-round again.

It means control of the investment of surplus capital. It means preventing capital surpluses from financing great industrial projects abroad. It means, in its way, a redistribution of wealth within America. It means the changing of the operating manner of the same machinery. The economy itself does not have to be changed. Merely the direction of its output. It means a greater return to labor and a greater development of social life of Americans—so that they will be the ones to absorb that which is now disposed of abroad.

On the other hand, let us continue sending capital abroad for investment in productive enterprise and we will join with the rest of the white world in an everlasting series of wars, trade and physical, to gain control of markets for the dumping of what we produce.

That is all that Italy is doing in Ethiopia at present.

But whether the Western World will realize, before it is too late, that by doing so it will sign its own death warrant, depends entirely on the

intelligence of the leaders of the Occident. For people depend for knowledge and understanding of the world, upon their leaders. And it is the latter who have the appalling responsibility of deciding whether the Occidental civilization of the last 150 years shall continue into the future—or whether it will decay like the ancient Egyptian, Greek and Roman dynasties, before the onslaught of a new era of different color, stamina and virility—awakened to the realization of its giant power by the industrial secrets revealed by a dying order.

When Black Shirt meets Black Skin in the wild jungles of an African plateau, next week, next month, or next year, whenever it may be, it is the Frankenstein Occident demanding the Orient save it from its own self-created Monster.

THE END

